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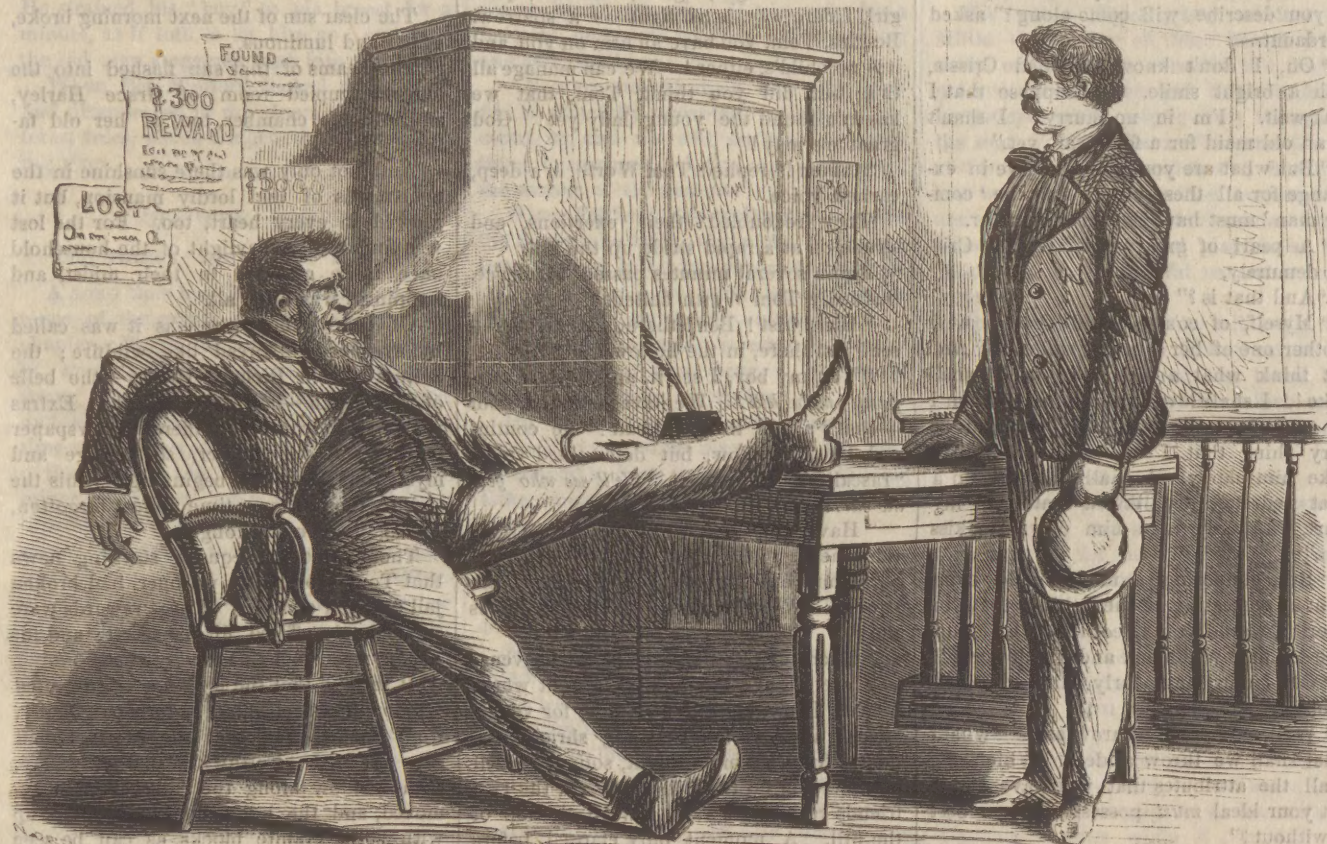
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THE SCARLET HAND; OR, The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

NEW YORK HEARTHS AND NEW YORK HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW YORK JUSTICE.

BLANCHE, when she descended the stairs that led from the lawyer's office to Broadway, felt that a weight had been taken from her mind.

In the street she decided to walk up-town instead of riding, for it was bright and pleasant in the sunshine, and the air felt refreshing.

In crossing Broadway, just at the corner of Fulton street, Blanche was nearly run down by a recklessly-driven express-wagon, the driver of which was possessed of the usual idea, common to all drivers, that pedestrians have no business in the streets.

Blanche was rescued from her perilous position by a young man who was crossing the street with a lady at the same time, and who, addressing the express-driver in language decidedly more emphatic than complimentary, desired him to "pull up," to which the express-driver indignantly rejoined by telling the young man to go to a very warm region, and there was a lively prospect for a row, for the young fellow that rescued Blanche evidently was not to be bullied. But the approach of the tall, good-looking policeman on duty at the corner, and who escorts ladies across the closely-jammed thoroughfare so gallantly, put a stop to it.

The Metropolitan, having witnessed the episode, told the reckless driver, in courtly language, his opinion of him—and of his entire family, including his employers also in the opinion; and informed the aforesaid driver that it would give him—the policeman—great satisfaction "to knock the stuff" out of him—"of course, in the line of his duty."

The expressman drove on in great wrath, and the row subsided. The Metropolitan merely expressing his hope to the bystanders, that he should have to "take that young feller in some time."

Blanche, safe on the pavement, turned to thank the gentleman who had assisted her, when she was suddenly recognized by the lady that was with him.

"Blanche!" cried the stranger, in delight.

"Margaret!" exclaimed our heroine, recognizing in the young lady a school-mate. Of course, two pretty pairs of lips pressed each other instantly; while the young man stood by and looked on, no doubt with a wish in his heart to take his sister's place.

Margaret Osmond had become a roommate of Blanche's at boarding-school, and of course was delighted to meet her now.

"Why, Margaret, what are you doing in New York?" asked Blanche.

"Oh, I live here now; we have moved on from Philadelphia. Leonard has just been admitted to the bar here. Oh, I forgot; you don't know Leonard," and then she introduced the young man. "My brother Leonard, Miss Maybury."

Leonard Osmond was a good-looking young fellow of four and twenty. Dark hair and eyes; a firm, resolute face, and a well-built, sinewy form.

Then the three walked up Broadway together.

The two girls had much to say to each other, for they had not met for some time.

The Osmonds were living in "Twentieth street, on the west side of town." As Margaret had said, the young man had just been admitted to the bar, and had commenced practice as junior partner with two old friends of his father.

With a promise to call on each other and renew the old friendship of their school days, the girls parted, at Canal street, Margaret and her brother turning down Canal, while Blanche kept on up Broadway.

"What do you think of her?" asked Margaret, of her brother, after they had parted from Blanche, "isn't she real sweet?"

"Oh, she's a nice girl enough," replied Leonard, carelessly; "looks as proud as the deuce, though."

"She isn't a bit proud!" responded Margaret, warmly; "she's perfectly splendid!" "That's what you say of every thing," retorted Leonard, laughing; "it doesn't matter what it is, from a poodle dog up to your dearest friend."

Leaving the two to pursue their way, as their further conversation does not particularly pertain unto our story, we will return to the actor, Mordaunt, whom we left comfortably quartered in the house of the street-vender, Pony Moore.

Three days had wrought quite a change in the appearance of the outcast. He now looked like a different man. He had purchased a plain, gray suit, some new shirts, a hat and a pair of shoes. Attired in these he looked quite respectable.

The actor during the three days had thought long and earnestly as to what course of action he should pursue in regard to the man known as Allyne Strathroy. He was now convinced that his suspicion in regard to that man was correct, although it was a monstrous one in its nature. He was convinced, too, that this man had guessed that he was suspected, else why should he have tried to take the life of the poor wretch who had never harmed him; and who—setting the facts of the suspicion aside—was not likely to cross his path in any way whatsoever?

At last Mordaunt decided upon the course that he ought to pursue. And in that course the first thing for him to do, was to call upon the detective officers and make known to them the suspicion that had entered his mind.

So on the very same day that Blanche Maybury called upon Lawyer Chubbet and astonished him with the intelligence that she had resolved not to marry Allyne Strathroy, Edmund Mordaunt called at the central police office and asked to see a detective officer upon important business.

After considerable delay he was ushered into the presence of Captain Richard Doe, the only detective officer that happened to be in at the time.

Captain Doe was a tall and portly man, with a yellow beard, a big nose and a loud voice. An awe-inspiring man, and he evi-

dently was well aware of that fact, for as Mordaunt entered, he turned his eyes upon him, and in a loud voice demanded:

"Well, what is it?"

The posture of the officer was particularly graceful. He sat in an arm-chair tilted back on its hind legs, and one of his enormous feet rested on the table. On the entrance of the actor he had been amusing himself by vigorously whistling, "Shoo Fly," with variations. He was evidently disturbed by the entrance of the actor.

"I should like to see the gentleman in charge of the detective department," said the actor, who was not favorably impressed with the appearance of the officer before him.

"Well, I suppose I'm the man—or I'll do at any rate," said the officer, after a pause, during which he had surveyed Mordaunt from head to foot, as if he had been a tailor taking his measure.

"There was a murder committed in Baxter street some four months ago—" began Mordaunt.

"Tell me something I don't know," said the worthy officer, with a grin.

The actor was a little astonished at this manner of doing business; but he continued:

"I think I have a clue to the murderer."

"Ah!" figuratively speaking, the detective pricked up his ears.

"Yes," repeated Mordaunt, "I think I have a clue to the man who did the deed."

"Oh!" the detective rubbed his hands softly together for a moment. "What reward is offered?"

"Eh?" Mordaunt didn't exactly understand what the officer meant by the question.

"I mean," explained that worthy gentleman, "what reward is offered for the apprehension of the criminal?"

"Well, none, that I'm aware of," replied the actor. The detective looked disgusted.

"What's the name of the man who was murdered?" he asked.

"James Kidd,"

The officer opened a drawer in the table and took a folded paper from it. Then he opened the paper and glanced over it. It was a list of names; opposite to each name were set sums ranging from five hundred dollars to five thousand. Between the names and the sums came what were evidently remarks; such as, "Highway Robbery," "Assault," "Bond Robbery," "Murder," "Arson," "Bank Robbery." And astonishingly late, the name opposite to which was placed "Bond Robbery" outnumbered the others two to one; and scratched in with a lead pencil after these names was the significant sentence, "compromise if possible."

The officer ran his eye down the list of names.

"Kidd—Kidd; I don't see any such name here," he muttered.

"A list of the murders committed in New York lately?" said Mordaunt, referring to the paper.

"Not much," returned the detective, emphatically. "It's a list of the fellows that are 'wanted' and rewards are offered for."

"I am pretty sure that there has not been a reward offered in this case that I speak about," said the actor.

"No reward offered?" and the tone of the officer indicated surprise in the extreme.

"No."

Then the detective surveyed Mordaunt with a look that said, plainly, "what the deuce do you want here?"

"Nowward," said the officer, reflectively.

"Well—if you know the man that committed the murder, just go to the nearest police justice, give in your evidence, and get a warrant for the arrest of the criminal!" And then the officer commenced on "Shoo Fly" again, softly.

"Oh, but stop!" cried Mordaunt. "I haven't evidence enough to warrant my swearing against this man. I've only a clue, and that but a slight one, but I thought if I came here—"

"That we'd 'shadow' this man and find out whether your little 'suspicion' was O. K. or not, eh?" said the detective, pausing again in the midst of the entrancing "Shoo Fly."

"Yes, that is exactly what I thought," said the actor, glad at last to be understood.

"Well, some folks have queer ideas," said the officer, in a mediative way. "Just look at that, will you?" And he took from the drawer a book containing pasted scraps, evidently cut from the newspapers. Each scrap was an account of a murder, the perpetrator of which was unknown. "That's this month, so far; about one a day. Suppose we should waste our time a-trying to hunt 'em up"—the officer evidently meant the murderers—"how much time would we have for attending to the fellows that there's big money out for, say?"

Mordaunt could make no reply to this knotty question.

"If there's a reward offered and you've got a clue to work on, why you kin come an' 'see me.'" And then the officer again plunged into the mysteries of "Shoo Fly," while the actor left the temple of justice with a clearer idea of the way they manage some things in New York than he had ever had before.

CHAPTER XII.

A DISCOVERY, AND A COMPACT.

MORDAUNT saw clearly that he had little aid to expect from the detective police in his mission of vengeance.

"I must depend upon myself to hunt this man down, then," he muttered, as he came out of the police station. "Be it so; I accept the task, and to it I will devote the rest of my life."

The actor walked onward toward Broadway, busy in thought. He had a difficult task before him; he was well aware of it, and yet he did not shrink from it. All the better energies of his nature, dormant through long years of dissipation, were now roused into action.

By the time Mordaunt reached Broadway he had decided upon the course to pursue.

"First, to discover if my suspicion is correct," he said, as he walked along, careless of the busy, moving crowd that jostled him on either side. "That will be difficult. If I were better acquainted with him—but still, if he can blink the eyes even of his own relatives how can I hope to detect him?"

This was a difficult question to answer. "But they have no suspicions, while I have. That makes a wondrous difference. I saw him but for a few minutes that night on Broadway, and I was not half myself at the time. The next day he was on his guard against me; I could see it plainly. He fears me or else he would not have tried to kill me. He has no reason to fear me, except the bare suspicion that I know or guess his secret. His action then is plain proof to me that my suspicion is correct—that he has a secret and that I have guessed it—guessed it almost by instinct. He has dealt the first blow in the war that it seems we are fated to engage in. The next blow may come from me."

With these thoughts in his mind Mordaunt walked slowly on up Broadway.

As the actor crossed Prince street, a man, seated in a handsome green coupe pinked out with scarlet, was being driven down Broadway. He passed Prince street just as the actor stepped from the curbstone into the street. The man in the carriage caught a view of his face. The sight seemed to stun him, for, with a bitter oath, he sunk back in the carriage, white with fear and anger.

The actor passed on, unconscious of the effect that the sight of his face had produced upon the man in the carriage.

"It is he!" cried Allyne Strathroy, in wrath, for the man in the coupe, who had been so agitated by the sight of the actor's face, was no other than Allyne Strathroy.

"He is living!" muttered the young man through his white lips. "How has he escaped me? Does he bear a charmed life—has poison no effect upon him? Oh! and Strathroy groaned in anguish as he brought his clinched hands together; the nails driven into the white skin told his deep emotion.

"I have a presentiment that this man is fated to bring me to an account for that night's dark work. Have I dared all, gained all to be detected even in the hour of victory? It must not be—it shall not be. Since my hands have failed, I will try the hands of others. There are plenty of tools to be found in this great hot-bed of crime. There's many a man in the 'bloody Sixth ward' that would not hesitate to take a life for a five dollar bill. I must find some one of these fellows and put them on the track of this man that like an avenging angel has risen, as it were from the grave, to strike me. Either he or me. My life or his. I accept the situation. I have gone so far and now I can not retreat, and I would not

if I could. My hand already is scarlet with blood; the hue can not be deeper."

Strathroy had just determined upon the course that he should pursue in regard to Mordaunt, when his carriage halted before the door of lawyer Chubbet's office.

Chubbet had dispatched his note to Allyne requesting an interview upon important business, immediately after Blanche had departed, and as the note seemed urgent, Allyne came down at once.

Allyne ascended the stairs that led to the lawyer's office, knocked at the door, then entered.

"Why, my dear Mr. Strathroy!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising in haste to receive his visitor, "how you have altered. Why, what have you done to yourself?"

"Merely shaved, that is all," replied Allyne; "besides I have not been well lately. I was attacked on the avenue the other night by a gang of ruffians and received a severe cut from a knife in the hands of one of them. I lost considerable blood, although the wound was not dangerous; it has made me look paler than usual. Do you think I have changed much?"

"Well, at the first glance, I certainly thought that you had altered a great deal, but now that I come to look closely at you, I don't see that you have altered particularly. Removing your mustache makes you look a little different," replied the lawyer.

"Yes, it does change me somewhat."

"Sit down, Mr. Strathroy," and the lawyer pushed a chair toward the young man; "of course you received my note?"

"Yes," replied the young man, seating himself, "and I came down immediately, as you requested."

"Of course, Mr. Strathroy, I do not suppose that you have the slightest idea why I wish to see you?" said the old lawyer, smiling blandly.

"No, I have not," answered Allyne.

"Ah, well," and Mr. Chubbet shook his head in a sagacious way; "it is in regard to Miss Maybury."

"Blanche?" cried Allyne, starting.

"Yes, to Blanche. Of course you are aware that it has always been supposed that yourself and Miss Blanche would some day become man and wife?"

"Supposed!" exclaimed Allyne, quickly. "I was not aware that there was any supposition about the affair. Blanche and I love each other. She has promised to become my wife."

"Yes, I always supposed so—not to put a fine point upon it, I know so. But, my dear boy, human life is uncertain. We never know what is going to happen to us; if we did, the probabilities are that it wouldn't happen." And then Mr. Chubbet looked "owly."

"What do you mean?" questioned Allyne.

"I mean, my dear young friend, that you must prepare yourself for the worst. As the poet say, 'screw your courage up to the'—what'd-y-e-call-it, point," said Chubbet, looking sagacious.

"Mr. Chubbet, once more I beg you to explain," exclaimed Allyne, impatiently.

"My dear Mr. Strathroy, as I said before, prepare yourself—brace yourself for a sudden shock." Then the lawyer leaned over toward Strathroy and whispered mysteriously. "It can't be!"

"What can't be?"

"Your marriage with Miss Blanche."

"Why not?" demanded Allyne, in consternation.

"Woman is a lovely creature," said the lawyer, reflectively; "she is also extremely uncertain in her mind. You never can tell when she will or when she won't. She claims as her privilege the right to change her mind often. To do her full justice, she fully exercises that privilege; not to put a fine point on it. 'Oh, frilly, thy name is woman,' and things in this world are extremely uncertain."

"But what has this to do with my marriage with Miss Blanche Maybury?" asked Allyne, impulsively.

"Simply that that lovely girl has only thought proper to exercise her sex's privilege and change her mind."

"In regard to what?"

"Her engagement with you."

"Impossible!"

"My dear Mr. Strathroy, I hope you do not call my word in question?" And Chubbet drew himself up and looked dignified.

"No, no, of course not!" exclaimed Allyne, "but this that you tell me seems so unaccountable—so unreasonable."

"My dear boy, don't mention reason and a woman in the same breath; the two things are totally incompatible." Lawyer Chubbet was a bachelor.

"But when did you learn this?" asked Allyne, who was unable as yet to believe that he had heard aright.

"This morning," replied the lawyer.

"Miss Maybury called here and requested me to tell you what I have just told you."

"That she wishes the engagement existing between us to be broken off?"

"Exactly; that is precisely what she wants," replied the lawyer.

"But did she not give a reason for this strange proceeding?" asked Allyne, in wonder.

"Oh, yes; a woman's reason: 'because.' She said that her feelings toward you had changed. That she felt that she did not love you, and of course could not marry you. I endeavored to remonstrate with her, but she was firm as a rock. You know how obstinate women are sometimes."

"This is very sudden," said Allyne, thoughtfully and half to himself.

"Of course!" exclaimed the lawyer; "that's just what I told the young lady, but I might as well have talked to a post for all the good it did. 'You know what the poet says about women?' 'O women, in our

hour of ease, uncertain—and deuced hard to please, etc., etc.; you know the rest, which was more than Chubbet did.

"Did she say when she first discovered that her feelings had changed toward me?" Allyne asked, a strange suspicion beginning to enter his mind.

"Yes, I think she did mention it," replied the lawyer, thoughtfully. "If I remember right, she said that she discovered it about three days ago."

Allyne started. Can a messenger from the dead have whispered in her ear and told her of my crime? Such was the thought that with the speed of the lightning flashed through the mind of the young man.

"It is very mysterious," said the lawyer. "And very painful to me," observed Allyne, with a thoughtful brow.

"Of course! of course!" repeated Chubbet. "I have set my heart upon making Blanche my wife. I know that she does love me, despite this strange whim of hers. You are well aware, Mr. Chubbet, that young girls in this world are not always the best judges of what is good for them?"

"Ex-actly!" said the lawyer, with a wise shake of the head. "Mr. Chubbet, you are Blanche's legal guardian. If you should insist upon her fulfilling her contract with me, I do not see how she can avoid complying with your will. I am aware that it would be an insult to offer a man like yourself a bribe." The lawyer bowed at the compliment, but there was a shrewd twinkle in his little eyes.

"I would not for a moment think of doing such a thing," continued Allyne; "but the day I marry Blanche Maybury, I shall be pleased to put a check for five thousand dollars into your hand, the moment the ceremony is ended."

"Ah—hum—you are a noble young man, Mr. Allyne," said Chubbet. "I admire your principles. You have taken the right estimate of my character. I am not to be bribed, but—would you have any objection to give me a little memorandum regarding the five thousand dollars you mention, and I will try to persuade Miss Blanche to fulfill her promise?"

The memorandum was given and received.

Allyne Strathroy had calculated shrewdly. Lysander Chubbet was not to be bribed, but five thousand dollars bought him, body and soul.

Poor Blanche had little idea of what was in store for her. She had little suspicion that the man she once had loved so well—Allyne Strathroy—was not willing to give her up. That he was determined that she should be his wife, if not by fair means, then by foul. If not by her own free consent, then by force.

Blanche was right. Allyne Strathroy had changed greatly. Who could tell what had caused that change? One man only; and that man was the broken-down actor, Allyne Strathroy's deadly foe.

CHAPTER XIII.

CRISIE'S IDEAL.

As Mordaunt walked slowly up Broadway, his mind busy in thought, a gentleman came out of the Metropolitan Hotel and accosted him.

The actor, raising his eyes, beheld Mr. Harry Piner, one of the leading theatrical managers of the metropolis. He was a short, stout gentleman, with a fat, good-natured-looking face, and a long yellow mustache.

"Hallo, Mordaunt!" he cried, addressing the actor; "where in the world did you come from?"

"From the poor-house," answered the actor, shortly.

"Oh, nonsense; I know better than that by your looks. Why, I haven't seen you looking so well for a year. I say, Mordaunt, have you given up drinking?" asked the manager.

"Well, for a time I have; or I'm trying to," responded Mordaunt. "I haven't drank to excess for about a week. I'm trying hard to be a decent man once more."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Piner, in his quick, impulsive way; "if you could only keep straight now for a week or so—"

"Why for a week?" asked the actor.

"Well, I've got an English star—a lady; plays the Paulines, the Juliets, and all that sort of thing. She opens next Monday, and I want somebody to do 'The Rameaus and the Claudes'; how 'll that suit you?"

"Excellent," replied the actor, glad of a chance to put some money in his pocket, for he knew full well to battle with Allyne Strathroy, he needed all the capital he could command. Money is the sinews of war. Little hope for success is there without it.

"The fact is, Mordaunt," continued the manager, I am a little doubtful about my fair Englishwoman—by the way, she isn't particularly fair, and that's what I am afraid of. All the English importations have been such failures lately, that our American public are getting into the idea that we really have better artists at home than any that come from abroad. Now you used to be a local favorite in New York. I think if we make a feature of you—engaged expressly to support the great actress, etc., you understand—if she happens to make a failure, why, your old prestige may carry us over the week."

"Well, how about terms?"

"What do you want?"

"Make me an offer?"

"Now will fifty be for the week?"

"Not enough," answered the actor, decidedly.

"Why you know I once got a hundred and fifty per week for a regular season."

"Yes, I know, my boy, but that was in war times," returned the manager.

"Why, confound it, you expect my old favoritism is going to pull you through the week without loss, and you offer me a paltry fifty, while you probably give this star—that you feel pretty sure is going to be a failure—a hundred a night," said Mordaunt, warmly.

"Oh, no I don't," returned the manager. "I'm not so foolish as that. She shares after twenty-five hundred for the week. Come, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you seventy-five."

"But hold on a moment," said Mordaunt; "I haven't any wardrobe now."

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!" cried the manager, theatrically. "Well, you can hire the dresses easy enough of a costumer."

"Yes, but that costs money."

"Well, I'll be generous," replied the manager, after a moment's reflection. "I'll give you seventy-five and pay for the hire of the wardrobe. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," returned the actor, and so the affair was settled.

"Seventy-five dollars, that will keep me some time," calculated the actor, after he had parted from the bustling manager. "With what I have left out of the hundred, it's a small fortune, if I use it rightly. It seems like retribution for this Allyne Strathroy to give me money which I shall use in my effort to give him to the scaffold."

Then Mordaunt proceeded homeward, and delighted the Moore household with the intelligence that he was going to appear on the stage once more.

Crisie Moore had taken a great liking to the man whose life had been saddened by his own mad acts; yet, even to herself, she did not confess that liking.

She was ever on the alert to please him. She seemed to guess his wishes before he expressed them.

Mordaunt, in his stormy career in the world, had met many a girl who fancied herself in love with the handsome actor; and many whom he had thought himself in love with. But the actor had never met his "fate." Love after love had filled his heart—such as they were—and yet passed away without leaving any lasting impression. But now there was something about this little sprite of a girl, who worked hard all day long for the bread she eat and the clothes she wore, that pleased him. She was so quick, so bright in all she did. The actor sat and watched her at her work and all the while thought her more of a humming-bird than a human.

Crisie Moore was far from being perfection either. She had a temper of her own, and did not hesitate to show it.

Mordaunt began to consider as to the truth of the old saying, that it was not good for man, to be alone, and could not help putting the question to himself if he would not be happier if he had a nice little wife to care for him—some heart that would love him above all the world beside. And when he thought of that little wife, the face of little, dainty Crisie Moore—crowned by the yellow hair, that looked golden in the sunshine—rose before him. The blue eyes, that shone so keen and bright, danced merrily before his vision; and often he caught himself, like the German lover, wishing "that it might be."

"You are going to play again?" Crisie said. Dinner was over, and the young girl—her dishes washed and the room swept up—had resumed her usual seat at the sewing-machine, her bread-winner.

"Yes; are you coming to see me?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered; "but I think I shall, though I don't go to amusements very often."

"Why not?" he asked; "don't you like amusements?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, quickly, "but amusements cost money, and I don't have a great deal to spend. It takes too much to live nowadays."

"Why, you are quite a prudent little body," he said, laughing; "what a nice little wife you will make for somebody, one of these days!"

"Yes, when that somebody gets me," responded the girl, laughing.

"Why, you don't surely intend to be an old maid, do you?" he asked, watching the pretty little head, bent so steadily over the work.

"I don't know," she said; "that depends a great deal upon somebody else. Unless some nice young man comes along and asks me to have him, how can I help myself?"

"And is that all you are waiting for—for some one to ask you?"

"Why, how on earth can I be married without?" "You wouldn't have me walk up to a young man and say, 'I want to be married; please, sir, will you have me? Do you think that would be proper?'"

"Decidedly not!" cried Mordaunt. "But it seems then that it doesn't make any difference to you who the young man is, eh?"

"I didn't say that," replied Crisie, quickly.

"No, but that is what you mean, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't! Don't you suppose I've got eyes? I wouldn't have everybody," and Crisie looked disdainful. "I know I'm only a poor girl, and I work hard all day long, but I know what kind of a lover I want as well as if I lived up on the avenue, and had lots of money."

"Well, what kind of a lover do you want?" asked the actor, feeling a slight interest in the subject.

"I will tell you; my lover must have nice black hair, and it must be curly, and he must have black eyes—or eyes that look like black a little way off. Then he must be a gentleman, and he must have plenty of money; and he must think that I'm just the nicest little girl that there is in all the world. He must love me better than he does any thing else, and he must pet me and take good care of me and—well, I believe that's all."

"Don't you think that possibly it will be a long time before any such a person as you describe will come along?" asked Mordaunt.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Crisie, with a bright smile. "I suppose that I can wait. I'm in no hurry. I sha'n't be an old maid for a few years yet."

"But what are you going to give in exchange for all these virtues that the 'coming man' must have?" asked the actor.

"A pearl of great price," replied Crisie, demurely.

"And that is?"

"Myself, of course," said Crisie, with another one of her winning smiles. "And just think what a nice little wife I shall make! I shall love my husband—when I get one—so much. I shall try and do every thing that I can in the world to make him happy. I shall put him on a great pedestal, just like a statue, in my heart, and only take him down to kiss him."

"But, supposing a man should come without possessing all these things that you describe, would you reject his love? Suppose his hair was black and didn't curl?"

"Oh, I must have curly hair and it must be black."

"Well, suppose we throw aside—that? What shall we throw aside? Which one of all the attributes that you have stated that your ideal must possess can you best do without?"

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, thoughtfully. "Suppose you name them over, then I can tell you."

"Very well. To commence, then: black eyes—"

"Or eyes that look like black," interrupted Crisie, stealing a shy glance at the actor's face.

"Or eyes that look like black," repeated the actor, "Curly black hair. To be very fond of you. To love you better than any thing else in the world. To be kind to you. To be a gentleman, and—well, I believe that's all."

"I can't do without any of those," said Crisie, with a toss of her shapely little head. "Wasn't there any thing else?"

"No—yes. He must have plenty of money."

"Well, I think that if I must give up any thing, that I can get along with a little money." Crisie was describing her lover in sober earnest.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 20.)

The Masked Miner:

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN COIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

"Ha, boss, did you see those lights?"

"Yes, Teddy, and, by Jove! I am sure they come from my cabin! Come, come! Something is wrong there. Let us draw nearer and see what all this means," and he started forward.

"We had better stay here, boss. They may be ghosts. This is the hour for them to be abroad."

The man spoke seriously, and hung back.

"Ghosts! Come on, fool, and none of your nonsense. Tie the horses to the old post there and follow me. We have no time to lose, for there's work ahead of us, between this and day."

The other man still hesitated, but only for a moment. He turned and taking the horses by the bit forced them to back the carriage a few feet. He then tied the reins to a post, the sole remains of a fence that once skirted this portion of the hill.

The men at once left the little hollow, in which they stood, and, entering the deserted Stephenson street, pushed on up toward Boyd's Hill.

Further down the same deserted thoroughfare, toward its foot, two other men strode along at a rapid pace. They were tall, branny fellows, and they, too, bent their stride up the hill. They walked swiftly, as if they knew every inch of the ground well, and as if they, too, had work before them.

"We are near the spot, Ben; and I long to be there! If we are successful it will be a grand triumph for me; if we are wrong! if we fail!" Yet, we can not, must not fail! 'Twould craze me now, after every thing has worked so well; but,

Ben, it was bad you did not succeed in getting the carriage."

"Yes, my boy; but maybe it's for the best. The livery-man, had his stable been open, would have wondered why I, old Ben the miner, wanted a carriage. Take my word for it, Tom, 'tis ordered to be so, and, as I said, 'tis all for the best; I know it."

"Perhaps it is," replied the other, as if half-convinced. "But, Ben, should we succeed in rescuing the young lady, what will we do? 'Tis not a mere step from here to Stockton avenue, in Alleghany city. And late or not, I wish to teach the old aristocrat there, that an honest poor man can prove his innocence, and I'll do it!"

"You shall do it, Tom, for, if it can't be arranged otherwise, why, by the eternal pillars, we'll carry the young lady ourselves. In such work as that I can get along under a thousand-weight, again; and she, poor girl, I dare say, is as light as a sparrow. Besides, Tom, you have an arm on you, and it's no child's either! We can manage all this; but, did you think, Tom, that we haven't found the young lady yet! God grant we may!"

"Amen!" replied Tom Worth, in a deep, earnest voice.

They redoubled their exertions, and strode on at a rapid stride up the hill. Again several minutes passed in silence. Suddenly Tom Worth halted.

"Hist! hist! Ben! there is a carriage—see! just there, in the hollow?"

"Yes, my boy, I see it, and we have company on the hill! We have work, too, Tom—that's a sure thing! And!" he continued, in a very low, but determined voice, "rascality is the game! We'll see who gets the carriage!"

"Have you any weapon, Ben?" asked the other.

"None but my stout arms; they are enough. Woe be unto the man who braves me!"

"Then come, Ben—ha! by heavens! you are right; the villains are at work! Voices, Ben—voices! and now, for vengeance!" and as a long, wailing shriek, evidently from a female throat, sounded shrill and piercing on the still night air, the two friends rushed forward toward the top of the hill. A moment only elapsed before they stood on the summit, and not over twenty yards from the old house.

Before them, indistinctly in the gloom, a struggle was going on. And then the coarse voice of an angry, excited man pealed out in a hideous oath—and a low wailing cry for mercy went feebly up.

"Now, old friend, into them!" shouted Tom Worth, in a voice that was stentorian in its power.

Old Ben needed no encouragement. With the bound of a tiger he sprang forward, by the side of his younger companion, who was fairly flying onward. A moment, and like an avalanche they swept upon their assailants; in another, heavy thuds of falling fists, sickening and terrible, sounded on the air; then the fierce breathing and the half-muttered curses of struggling men; then a pistol-shot, and another, all told that a terrible contest was in progress.

But, nothing could stand up against those two iron-made men of the mines, with their muscles of steel.

The pistol-shots had been harmless, and one of the men, his face knocked into a shapeless mass, had gone down before the ponderous blows of old Ben's right arm. For a moment there was a brief hand-to-hand struggle between Tom Worth and the other villain. It was indeed brief, for that young man was a very Hercules in the fight. In the twinkling of an eye he had sent his antagonist rushing and tumbling on the stony surface of the top of the hill.

The two strong men stooped, simultaneously by the side of the fallen girl, lying so motionless on the ground. Quickly they chafed her cold hands and temples, and sought to raise her.

The girl did not seem to breathe.

"My God! my God! they have slain her! they have murdered my darling!"

Old Ben started as if shot, as he heard these words burst in a wailing sob from the breast of Tom Worth.

"No, no, Tom!" he said, in a low, sympathizing tone, "she still breathes, and—ah! there they go, the hounds, and they have escaped us!" he suddenly exclaimed, springing to his feet, and pointing with his hand.

Sure enough, the villains who had for awhile been placed hors du combat, had slowly and unperceived regained their feet, and were now rapidly speeding away.

"Come, Tom," said old Ben, at length breaking the silence; "all's well; the young woman breathes; ha! she awakes! Assist her, Tom, and make for the carriage in the hollow! I'll go on—" and he hurried away.

Tom Worth tenderly lifted that half-conscious form in his strong arms and bore it gently down the hill. He reached the carriage; it was standing in the road, and old Ben Walford, reins in hand, was already upon the driver's seat.

"Get in, Tom; get in with the lady, and let's be off. Those scoundrels may get reinforcements and return!"

Tom Worth placed his precious charge inside the vehicle, entered himself, and closed the door; then the carriage, under the guidance of the heroic old man on the box, rolled away at a fearful pace. Down through the city, then over the creaking wire-bridge, then up Federal street, and

then at last, before the mansion of Richard Harley, the millionaire, on Stockton avenue—old Ben drew the reins.

Not a word had been spoken by those inside, though for a brief moment, Tom Worth had held the little hand, so cold and limp, in his, and had pressed his lips ardently to it.

The household was aroused, and in a few moments old Mr. Harley, in a dressing gown, wondering and staring, stood at the door. His daughter reeled in, and flung her arms around his neck; he uttered a wild, piercing cry.

"Your preserver, Grace! where is he?"

The girl pointed to the tall form of the young miner, who stood in the glare of the light.

"Tom Worth, the miner! My God!"

But, then, in an instant, with a glance of unutterable affection toward the maiden, the miner was gone.

The clear sun of the next morning broke, grand and luminous.

The beams of that sun flashed into the long-uncoccupied room of Grace Harley, and into the chamber, too, of her old father.

And, not only was there sunshine in the apartments of that lordly mansion, but it glowed in every heart, too. For the lost was found—the daylight of the household once more gleamed in their midst, and happiness was upon all.

Of course the news—as it was called by everybody—spread like wildfire; the heiress of old Richard Harley—the belle of Pittsburgh—had been found! Extras were issued from the different newspaper offices, and the matter, so strange and mysterious from the beginning to this ending, though for a time almost forgotten, was again on every tongue.

Then came the equally startling news that Tom Worth, the prisoner, had broken jail and had escaped! Large rewards were immediately offered for his arrest; and his escape was proclaimed everywhere.

It seemed that the long-neglected grated window had been lifted, or torn out, bodily, from its bed, and that the prisoner had thus escaped. Forthwith, that very day, each window along the jail-wall was removed, and the holes left were filled up with solid granite blocks, as can be seen to this day in the old prison.

But there came no news of Tom Worth, the miner. Many were the congratulations pouring in that day upon the rich man, that his daughter had been found. And then enterprising reporters rung respectfully at the aristocratic mansion, and in their own urbane, pushing style craved a "half-minute's interview with Miss Harley." The "interview" was, in every case, cheerfully or otherwise accorded; and to all she had the same news—that was very brief and non-sensational, to wit: on the night of terror, on the Mount Washington road, she was seized by two men, apparently miners; was thrown into a wagon, after being bound and blindfolded; was driven a long distance, and at last imprisoned in an old house, which she had but just learned, stood isolated and alone on Boyd's Hill; that the room in which she was kept was elegantly furnished. And then, with a shudder, she went on rapidly to state that she was released by two brawny men, apparently miners, too.

That was all she had to tell.

The dusky twilight was settling on the place that day, when the bell sounded for the fifth time at the mansion of Mr. Harley. This time a letter was handed in by an old man, who hurried away at once. The letter was directed in a clear, bold handwriting to Miss Grace Harley.

Mr. Harley had strolled forth to the commons to get exercise and relaxation, of both of which he stood in need. Grace was all alone. She started violently as she saw the superscription of the envelope; but, tearing open the letter, she read it through to the end. When she had finished, she laid the missive by, and sinking softly on the sofa again, she covered her face with her hands and wept silent tears of sorrow and joy commingled, murmuring at the same time:

"Darling! darling! it was he! My heart said so; and now—now—without a word, he has gone! God grant that we may meet again!"

That letter, lying there crushed and crumpled on the sofa, read as follows:

"MY DARLING ONE:—I have but a few moments to write, and these I occupy, darling, in telling you that you are still the cherished idol of my heart—that you and your memory are dearer to me than life itself! I was wrongfully accused, Grace; yet, for fear of erring, I dared not exonerate myself, by charging the crime on others. Heaven has aided me in rescuing you from the clutches of a villain. Let both of us thank that God who has so blessed and befriended us. And now, darling Grace, a word more: I have just received a letter from a foreign land, summoning me away; I must go. This is not the time for explanations. But, before I go, let me pledge to you again an undying love and fidelity. I'll not forget you, Grace; and I'll win and wed you yet, though the whole world were opposed to me. Be true to me, as I will be to you; wait for my coming, and—think that man whom I know to be a deep-dyed villain—PARRACLOTH SOUTHWELL. Be kind, Grace, to my friend, poor old Ben Walford, who is almost crazed at my departure. He is one of nature's noblest of noblemen, and I love him beyond the expression of words. And now, Grace, farewell, but not forever! You know me; so the name below will do."

"Forever yours,"

"TOM WORTH."

Late that night a small row-boat shot



off stealthily from the levee near the Smith-field street bridge, and took its way rapidly down the current of the Monongahela toward the dusky-flowing Ohio.

In that boat sat Tom Worth and old Ben, and both men pulled the easy-working, noiseless oars. On they sped, miles and miles below the dark city. Then, at last, they turned the head of the boat, and, by a few vigorous strokes, shot the light craft in toward the bank.

The men leaped ashore. "The time has come, Ben," 'tis best that this parting be soon over; we'll suffer less. Good-by, my dear old friend, and may God always bless you! I am safe now, and the yelping hounds of the law can not find me. Pray to God, Ben, that we meet again. And now, once more, good-by!"

The old miner could not speak; he dared not trust his trembling voice, coming up, as it did, from a heart almost breaking. He strained his "boy" to his breast for a minute, as if loth to let him go; and then the old man staggered back into the boat.

When Ben Walford looked again, Tom had disappeared in the gloom of the black forest trees, which fringed the darkly-flowing river.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD THINGS, AND A NEW ARRIVAL.

A LONG time has elapsed since the occurrence of the events as given in the last chapter. To tie the broken thread securely, to make our chain of circumstances strong again, it is necessary to go back awhile—some two years and more—to the time of the escape of Tom Worth.

Soon after the disappearance of the miner, the report came that he had been drowned in attempting to get away by the river. Of course this rumor, in due time, reached the ears of Grace Harley. When it did, a terrible convulsion passed over her frame, and, hiding her face in her hands, she gave way silently to a flood of tears.

Her father had seen this emotion, and then, as a sudden gleam of intelligence passed over his face, he had taken his daughter's hand tremblingly and tenderly in his, and had spoken sympathizing words in her ear.

After that, when Grace appeared in public, strange to say—and everybody wondered—she wore black.

In the mean time a cloud, at first very small, yet momentarily increasing, was settling over old Richard Harley.

After the escape from jail and disappearance of Tom Worth, for some time nothing was seen of Fairleigh Somerville, Esq. It is true, he was in the city, but he did not show himself at the Harley mansion. As the weeks rolled on, however, the young millionaire finally made his appearance, once again, at the aristocratic dwelling on Stockton avenue.

He drove over, as usual, in his trotting-wagon, and, hesitating not a moment, walked up the gravelled way, and rung the bell. He had been readily admitted by the liveried servant.

And Fairleigh Somerville smiled grimly—saturnally—to himself, as once again he stood in the elegant mansion, and as he glanced at the rich, showy livery of the domestic. It was a wicked fire which flashed from his eyes, as he looked a second time at the pompous servant. But, he handed in his perfumed card, and at a sign from the servant entered the parlor.

Fairleigh Somerville was bent on business—deep and important business—though perhaps the observer would have noted nothing from the quiet, smooth, smiling exterior. When his card was handed in that day, a strange, proud smile flitted over the half-sad face of Mr. Harley, and a bright, triumphant fire gleamed in his eye.

Poor old man! Despite the lesson he had been recently taught—despite the gloom which of late had overshadowed him and his, he was still ambitious. And, as he gazed at the sharp graven characters on the bit of card-board, a wild hope again found place in the father's heart.

He had a marriageable daughter, and Fairleigh Somerville was a very rich young man! As the visitor, however, was standing by the piano in the parlor, waiting the coming of his host, the door suddenly opened. Somerville turned. He started violently, and his face first paled and then reddened as his gaze fell upon Grace Harley. The maiden, too, shook fearfully, and she was about hastening from the room when the man strode fiercely up to her, and, bending down, whispered a few words in her ear.

The girl covered, and, without reply soever, turned and tottered from the parlor. Fairleigh Somerville knew that between him and Grace Harley there was a chasm which could not be bridged—he knew that, in the maiden's heart, she loathed and scorned him; he knew that he could never call her his wife!

The meeting between the old gentleman and his visitor that day was cordial, and the conversation between them, whatever the subject, was long and earnest. It seemed, too, to be confidential, for Mr. Harley drew the curtains, lit the gas, and locked the doors of the parlor.

When the time came for Somerville to leave, and it was late in the evening, he stood for a moment in the parlor by the table, and slowly folded up numerous papers which had been spread out before the gentleman. Then, as he hesitated, he remarked:

"I am sure of the success of the enterprise, my dear sir, and excuse me, sir, but, if you wish, why I will advance for you

When the entire investment is made up, why, sir, you can then repay me all at once," and he looked the other earnestly in the face.

Mr. Harley hesitated, and a slight shade passed over his brow. He thought for a moment.

The truth is, pecuniary matters had not gone well of late with the old man. He had accumulated a large fortune, but he knew not how to take care of it. His income had been steadily on the decline for some time, and his business affairs were in a condition he disliked to contemplate. He had indulged for impetuous friends, and, as the reward for his generosity, he was compelled to pay out in several instances very large amounts. The time had passed when Richard Harley could draw a check at random, and be careless of the sum; yet he was a rich man still.

Hence the old man had hesitated at the young man's remark. It was only for a moment, however, for then he looked up and said, frankly:

"You are very kind, sir, and your offer is gratefully accepted. Keep an account, sir, and we will settle when every thing is arranged. I, too, am sanguine of the success of the venture."

When Fairleigh Somerville drove across the Suspension bridge that night, the flaring lamp flashing in his face revealed a hideous smile of triumph; but with that expression there was one darker still—revenge!

And again and again he came; and every time he offered, very cleverly, to advance money in a certain enterprise.

On these visits, Somerville never saw Grace Harley, and he never asked for her; he seemed to have forgotten her. The old father thought strangely of this, but he never mentioned it.

But, Grace knew of these visits, and she was sick and sad at heart at their frequency. A heavy weight seemed to be dragging her down.

Still, Somerville came and time was speeding away.

At last, one night, on the occasion of a visit from the young millionaire, the library rang with loud, angry words, though no one on the outside heard those words. Somerville was at last ready for the consummation of his plans—he was pressing the old man for a settlement. Whether or not the speculation had proved a success or an abortion is not known. But, at all events, Fairleigh Somerville held a paper—a legal instrument—against the poor old man who had so blindly trusted him.

That paper was a lien upon the splendid Harley mansion entire; and, when the gentlemen separated that night, it was with pitiable appeals from the old man, and dark threats, and "vengeful, triumphant exultations from his 'partner'."

Indeed, the cloud was upon Richard Harley, and it gloomed his sky from horizon to zenith.

Thus matters stood at the time we resume our story, when, one afternoon, there descended, unaccompanied by any one, from the late Philadelphia train, at the Union depot, a tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman.

What was singular about this richly-clad stranger, and what made him most curious—observed by all, was, that while his hair and eyebrows were of the richest auburn, his moustache and whiskers, long and curling, were as white as snow.

Yet, for all that, the gentleman was a young-looking man, and very handsome besides. And no one had ever seen him before.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 13.)

Losing a Bride.

BY FLORENCE MALCOLM.

LIFE was worth but little to Lisle Danbury, as he stood watching Millicent Vance and her handsome betrothed floating through the airy mazes of a waltz, whose music throbbed and quivered through the great ball-room with a sweet, siren melody which was attuning to the witchery of the dance the hearts of a hundred gay devotees of fashion.

But Lisle, wealthy, youthful and distinguished, as he knew himself to be, was yet the most wretched of men, for, unto the girl, whose graceful form he was now following with hungry, hopeless eyes, he had given the only love he had ever known—a love of which she herself was entirely unconscious, and which he had guarded with jealous dread, ever since he had learned to read in her sweet, ingenuous face, that frank regard which knows no blushes nor timidity, nor embarrassment, and which is at once the lover's misery and doom.

The man beside her—soon to be her husband—he hated bitterly, not alone as his rival, but as one who, familiar with all the phases of vice, and known among men as an habitual debauchee, never had failed to prove himself among women a popular and gallant gentleman, by reason of a fine personal appearance, an ever-ready purse, and a fascination of manner which could not fail to charm, when its possessor so willed.

Then, too, Lisle believed him to be playing the hypocrite with poor little Millicent Vance, who, scarcely more than a child in years, and a very child in the experience of the world, never for an instant suspected that her large fortune formed an important part in her attractions for Jordan Graham; but Lisle, thoroughly acquainted with the

tastes and habits of his rival, knew that this girl was, in appearance and manner, exactly the reverse of the style of woman he preferred, having neither the "flashing eyes, the glorious form, nor the superb grace" of which he was wont to rave over his wine; and which he had been heard to declare must characterize the future Mrs. Graham; this, however, before Millicent Vance, the heiress of half a million, appeared in society, and with the flash of her diamonds and the rustle of her costly robes, quite put to flight his admiration for Junon-like women, and reminded him that, as the state of his own finances was getting rather low, to neglect the present opportunity of improving them by an advantageous marriage, would be madness indeed.

So, forthwith, he set himself to work to gain Millicent's heart and hand, succeeding as he always did in all affairs with women—admirably.

She was a slight, pretty creature, this Millicent Vance; one of those beings whom every one seems to consider it a duty to pet and caress. She had those beautiful, honest eyes which mirror every thought of the soul; and her features in general were of the type we call *spirituelle*; her figure was well formed, yet neither commanding nor magnificent; and her manner combined the simplicity and playfulness of a child with the thoughtful earnestness of a woman.

She was just the girl to fall easily into the snare which Jordan Graham set for her. First she admired; then she loved him, and with passionate devotion which would have touched the heart of one less worldly than he.

But he cared nothing for her. Lisle Danbury had guessed rightly—he was indeed, playing the hypocrite; and it had been reserved for this night—the third, before their appointed wedding-day—for Millicent to be undeceived.

After the waltz the two were promenading slowly past the window at which Lisle stood. Millicent's glance rested upon his face; she saw its stern anguish, and her heart throbbed with a vague pity for this man of whose love for her she had no thought.

"Jordan," she said, to her lover, in an undertone; "you may leave me with Mr. Danbury a little while if you will. He looks so lonesome and gloomy—poor fellow. I can't bear to see any one look unhappy to-night—I am so happy myself. See! the Waldron girls have just come in; go to them, and I will stay here a few moments."

"As you will, my love," said Mr. Graham; and a moment afterward Millicent's little hand rested lightly upon Lisle's arm, even while her eyes followed her lover as he passed out of the ball-room, with only a passing recognition of the young ladies aforesaid.

Mr. Graham preferred champagne to the Waldrons, who were unhappy-looking girls, in the most wretched of toilets.

Millicent's cheek paled a little; she knew whither he had gone; his fondness for liquor was the only one of his faults known to her.

"Oh, how I hate wine!" she said, impetuously.

"And why?" said Lisle, his voice mellow and sweet as he spoke, and all his passion shining from his eyes, as he looked down at the sweet, fair face.

"Because it has ruined so many men—and women, too!" Then, after a pause, she added: "You never drink it—do you? I have noticed that you always have water or lemonade."

"I do not care for it," he said, indifferently; "I do not abstain from principle, but from disinclination."

Her lovely blue eyes glanced upward into his.

"I believe you do abstain from principle, Mr. Danbury," she said. "I have heard people call you a very good man—and I always thought you were myself."

He laughed at the naive earnestness of her words, saying:

"I thank you for your high opinion of me—would that I were indeed worthy of it."

A cool, flower-perfumed breeze blew gently through the open window and lifted the dark hair from his brow as he spoke.

"Let us go out into the garden," said Millicent; "it is tantalizing to feel that the delightful breeze, and not enjoy it more fully. Will you get my cloak, Mr. Danbury?" It is in the music-room, lying upon one of the chairs.

His heart was in a tumult of mingled bliss and pain as he left her to obey her bidding. The happiness of having her with him, even for so short a time, was almost as great as the misery of knowing that she was so soon to be lost from him forever.

He brought the cloak to her, wrapping it around her white shoulders with tender care. Then, as they went out into the garden there came to him the desperate resolution to tell her of the passion which was consuming him—to breathe into her ear the words he had thought to have kept hidden forever—to contrast with her own perfect happiness his misery and despair—to hear her sweet young voice syllable its surprise, and kindly sorrow at the revelation.

But, as they walked up and down the gravelled pathway, and the words were trembling upon his lips, he started as he heard Graham's gay, laughing voice.

"He is coming out to look for me," said Millicent. "Here—here—let us hide in this little summer-house. He will be sure to

pass down this way," and with a roguish smile dimpling her face she drew Lisle into the little rose-covered arbor.

"I shall appear before him like a spirit," she said. "Now don't speak a word or he'll hear." "I wonder who's with him? Oh, 'tis his brother Tom—I know his voice. Hush!"

The two men came down the pathway; their words sounding firm and clear through the silence. They had both been drinking, and spoke loudly.

"I say, Jordan, can't you lend me a hundred dollars for a couple of days? I'm awfully pinched. Deuce take me, I'm not worth a copper."

"Don't ask me, Tom," said the other. "I'm completely fleeced myself. Wait until Thursday—can't you?"

"Why you wouldn't have the audacity to ask the little cat for money upon your wedding-day?"

"Wouldn't I! I never was overburdened with modesty—you know that, Tom. I shall say to Mrs. Graham with all imaginable coolness, 'My dear—a check for five hundred dollars until I draw upon my bankers. Will you oblige me?'—and of course the pretty little fool will be only too glad to do so."

Here the two stopped, just beyond the place in which Lisle and Millicent were seated.

Neither of the latter uttered a sound; but Millicent, in spasmodic agony, had caught hold of Lisle's hand, and he could feel her delicate nails pressing themselves into his flesh.

"I think you're the luckiest fellow in the world, Jordan," went on the brother; "a cool half-million—not to mention the pretty young baggage that comes with it, and for whom, it is my opinion, you don't care a straw!"

"You're right there, my boy; my love-making is all sham; thank heaven 'twill soon be over. I shall not prove the most devoted of husbands—eh, Tom?"

"I should think not," was the laughing reply, and both turned away and strolled back toward the house.

Then Lisle spoke to the poor young creature who had shrunk close to his side, and whose face, the clear moonlight shone over, as the face of the dead, only that the eyes had the passionate agony of life in their depths.

"You know Jordan Graham as he is now; heretofore you have known him as he appears to be. My poor child, you have been most mercifully undeceived."

Her head fell heavily upon his shoulder, but she did not speak.

He waited a moment. There was something fearful in her unnatural calmness.

"Millicent," he said, his love rising supreme to all else, as he put his strong arm around her, and dropped his head till his lips touched her soft hair, "he would have married you for your gold! but I have loved you for yourself alone."

His wealth was equal to hers, and she knew him to be noble and good. A strange light came into her eyes.

"You love me!" she said, and her voice had lost all its music and was husk and indistinct. "You love me?" "Well! you will help me to punish him. In three days I was to have been his wife. Oh, God! how strange it all seems to me. I loved him so! and now—now—it seems as if I hated him more than I ever loved him!"

"In three days you were to have been his wife!" said Lisle. "In three days," and his voice sank to an intense whisper, "you will be mine; how can I help you to punish him more than by this? My darling, my darling, oh, give yourself to me. I will teach you how to love."

His kisses were upon her lips; nor did she shrink away from him. A stern spirit of revenge, entirely foreign to her childish nature, had taken possession of her. She would give herself to this man! what did it matter whether she loved him or not—she was so wretched now!

The world should not know of her humiliation—should never hear the true reason of her breaking off with Graham. Even he should learn to think that she had cared for Lisle always. Better this than the tide of gossip and scandal which would set in with the revelation of the truth; better this course, since, by it, Jordan Graham—laughed and jeered at by society—must suffer infinitely more.

So Lisle Danbury held her in his arms that night, and knew her as his, forever!

Later, when he put her into her carriage and heard her merry "good-night," all arrangements for their elopement had been made. Nor did Millicent stop to consider the propriety of the step she was about to take. Insulted by the man whom she had adored, it seemed sweet revenge to her to cheat him of his anticipated triumph.

And Lisle, in the madness of his love, cared not how she came to him, since he knew she was saved from a life of sadness and neglect with Jordan Graham, and given unto him, his wife beloved, if not loving, through all future time.

It was three months after the night upon which our story opened—nearly three months since, with pallid, trembling lips, Millicent Vance had spoken the words which made her the wife of Lisle Danbury. All the wonderment at the elopement had subsided—the foreign tour had been made; Jordan Graham, frantic with mortification and anger, had taken himself off to parts unknown, and every thing had settled

down into the hum-drum order of everyday life. Then it was that Lisle began to question whether he had done rightly in making Millicent his wife. Not that he loved her any the less, but, because he believed she herself regretted the rash step they had taken; but, herein, he was most happily mistaken. Millicent, childish and gentle as she was, had yet a bright, proud spirit, which forbade her ever to bestow a thought upon the memory of her false lover, and for a young, affectionate girl to be constantly associated with a man like Lisle Danbury without loving him, was almost an impossibility. Millicent did love him with a less demonstrative, perhaps, yet deeper, love than she had known for Graham.

"Lisle," she said one night, as he was preparing to go out, "stay home with me, won't you, this evening?"

"Do you really wish me to?" he said, as she clasped her white hands around his arm.

"Indeed I do," she said, and he sat down, a pleased smile resting upon his face.

She brought a little stool and placed it at his feet. Very fair and girlish she looked to his admiring eyes; and it occurred to him that she was learning to be fond of him in her own gentle way.

"Millicent," he said, suddenly, "I wonder if Jordan Graham ever really suspects the truth in regard to our 'running away,' as the world would call it?"

"Not for a moment," she replied; but the young husband saw how pale she grew at the mention of that name.

"False as he was to you, I believe you love him still," he said, bitterly. "I believe you thoroughly regret our marriage, Millicent."

The angry tears sprung into her eyes.

"How you wrong me," she exclaimed. "I have forgotten him—indeed I have forgotten him, Lisle!"

"And do not regret our marriage?"

"No, Lisle."

"Are you perfectly happy?"

"Yes, happier than I have ever been before."

"My little Millicent," she was standing beside him now, having risen from her stool in her earnestness to have him believe that she really had forgotten her quondam lover. "My little Millicent," and he drew her upon his knee. "Look me straight in the eyes and tell me whom you have put in Jordan Graham's place in that warm young heart of yours."

She looked at him with those frank, beautiful eyes, which could not bear witness to any thing false.

"Whom have I put in his place? Oh, Lisle! Are you not my husband? Have we not been married for three whole months!"

"Well, well," he said, "that is not answering my question; whom have you put in his place?"

He did not hear the "you" from her pouting lips, for Millicent, choosing to consider herself aggrieved, took refuge in tears and would say no more.

But Lisle was very happy; this evening had solved all his doubts, and as he kissed away the petulant tears from the pretty face pressing against his breast, and coaxed back the smiles to the dimpled little mouth, he would not have changed places with any man in Christendom.

"Love took up the glass of Time And turned it in his glowing hands: Every moment, lightly shaken, Ran itself in golden sands."

Hints and Helps.

Squeezing the Hand.—It is but lately that we understood the strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. With some it is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is very surprising indeed. We must take hold of a lady's hand like a hot potato; afraid of giving a squeeze lest we should burn our fingers! Very fine, truly! Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand that we got in our clutches, especially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that we have never been sued for a breach of promise? We would not give a rusty nail for one of your cold, formal shakes of the hand. Every person who intrudes one or two fingers for your touch (as if he were afraid of catching a distemper), should go to school awhile to a jolly old farmer. He shakes you with a vengeance; and shakes your body, too, unless you should happen to be as thick as himself.

Well, there is nothing like it; it shows a good heart at any rate, and we would rather a man would crush the very bones of our fingers, and shake our shoulder out of joint, than that he should take our paw as if he were about to come in contact with a bear or a hyena. The ladies may rest assured of this: that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have a hand in his possession; and that he has a heart seven hundred and forty-nine times smaller than a grain of mustard-seed.

Keeping Fruit in our Rooms.—We should be chary of keeping ripe fruit in our sitting-rooms, and especially beware of laying it about a sick chamber for any length of time. That complaint which some people make about a faint sensation in the presence of fruit is not fanciful; they may be really affected by it; for two continental chemists have shown that, from the moment of plucking, apples, cherries, currants and other fruits, are subject to incessant transformation. At first, they absorb oxygen, thus robbing the surrounding air of its vital element; then they evolve carbonic acid, and this in far greater volume than the purer gas is absorbed, so that we have poison given us in the place of pure air, with compound interest. Temperature affects the rate of change, warmth accelerating it.

Saturday Journal

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THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any Newdealer in the United States or Canada. Persons remote from a Newdealer, or those wishing to subscribe and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance.

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BRADLEY AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
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Contributors and Correspondents.

Poem, "SPRING," is exceedingly immature. "Vincent" must give over all ideas of a poet's calling, that is evident.

PAUL S. wants to know if his handwriting is good enough for book-keeping? We should say not. He *spurges* too much. The plainer the hand the better the page. He also wants a recipe for cleaning gun-barrels, which gives us to understand that he is a son of a gun. 1st. Don't use dirty powder. 2d. Use felt wad. 3d. Put in an occasional charge of gravel-stones. If this latter don't clean the gun, a dose of glauber salts will. 4th. Buy a breech-loader. 5th. Don't own a gun.

The horticultural experiments of M. T. Head are quite original, and will read as well as Henry Grueley's contributions to the Daily Refractor. Mr. Head may go ahead, only bearing in mind that short letters make long friends. Job says says: "The feller as don't know when to dry up don't know how to talk," and Job is a wise fool.

Can make no use of "Gossip." No stamps. Author asks us to write. Can't violate a good rule.

Poem, "ALICE GRAY," returned, as not being quite up to our requirements. Previous contribution, by same author, not preserved—no stamps having been remitted. We never preserve such inclosures.

"ALMOST EXECUTED," is not to be used. No stamps.

JOHN KANTZ can't write poetry. His "MICHAEL AND KATE" is worse than a corduroy road for rhythm, and as for other good qualities, it is like old Mother Macbarnahan's Irish stew—it is so mixed that the horn button found in it wasn't a horn when you came to it. No stamps. MS. destroyed.

"THE TRAPPER'S YARN" is not quite up to the scratch, even though a bear and a painter are interested actors.

"CROWNED AT LAST" we can not use, and return MS.—"RECOVERED LOVE" not available. "DITTO" "MEASURE FOR MEASURE," "PERRY WORTH'S PRIZE," "THEIR NIGHTS IN CORROL," "A MAIDEN MATHON," "PENSIVE THOUGHTS," "KEEP YOUR HEART WHOLE."

JOHN MCK, Baltimore, can hardly hope for the "exclusive engagement" he asks for, if what he remits is his best. His contribution is as follows:

THE BROKEN HEARTS.
It was a happy night indeed
The heavens were clear and bright
And in the path two figures stood
To reunite their plight
The words came slowly from their lips
O God thy will is just
For on the night we parted here
We said: In thee O God we trust
Now let us with earthly hopes
And other inclinations
To pray to Jesus Christ our Lord
To keep us from temptation

"A Subscriber" asks us to "edit" his contribution, "A KISS." Can't do it, Joseph. Such a kiss would make our paper make very faces. If it has the same effect on the "fair Miss," you had better retire from the poet's profession ere something serious happens.

The essays on "HOPE," "CHARITY" and "ANXIATION," we can not find place for. No stamps.

"A DARK NIGHT'S WORK" and "THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT" we will file for use.

"THE POPINJAY AND MILLIONAIRE" we return along with other MS. The author gives good promise, having evident talent; but his knowledge of expression is not perfect enough for success.

The contributions of Waldorf H. B. we can not use. The author will write better when he is older. No stamps with last inclosures.

The three MSS. by Charles E. C. we return as per author's order. We do not make "arrangements" of the character indicated.

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn at Cape May.

WHAT induced me to go to Cape May? you ask. Well, I think it was my good genius that prompted me; it always tells me what is for the best, and I have explicit confidence in it.

But sit down there on that box—lightly though, if you please, for there is glassware with corks in under the lid—and I'll tell you all about it, for I enjoyed myself, and my vicarious down there.

You see I have a hankering after capes, and my good genius nudging me, I borrowed a ministerial coat, had my necktie washed white, kissed my wife a glad good-by, and went. At the hotel I found it very convenient to register myself as the Rev. Beelzebub Bluenose, and immediately sixteen gentlemen, looking over my shoulders as I wrote it, shook cordial hands with me, blew their cordial breaths in my face, and taking me up to the parlor, introduced their respectable wives and families to me as being church-going people whenever their new bonnets fit to their satisfaction, and they

can get there twenty minutes after time. I tell you I didn't regret a bit that I was a white sheep in black, but smiled reverently upon all those ladies with one of those smiles of mine which have so frequently been taken on dark nights for calcium lights. Thirteen ladies spoke at once and asked me how fashionable my congregation was?

"My dear friends," said I, "they are not yet in the extremes of fashion; I have only to give one recess in the middle of my sermon to allow them to retire into the dressing-room of the church and change their dresses. Two of the best dressed pay an enormous sum for the privilege of occupying seats in the pulpit. All would like to get in the pulpit, but then you know nobody would be in front to look at them; so in the future the seats will be arranged in two rows facing, then each one will be sure some one is looking at her. I take my text from the first page of a fifty-dollar bill, and, considering all things, every thing goes on pretty well, and we soon expect to be up with the popular fashions, religiously speaking."

They all said they would move their villas over into my neighborhood, and most of them, especially the unmarried ones, gave me their names on the spot, as members of my church. I think about twenty-five ladies were taken in.

Then we went to dinner. I had one lady on each finger, and three on my coat-tails. I didn't tell them I was married; that trifling circumstance entirely slipped my mind. I never thought about it, once, or if I did it didn't occur to me to mention it. If I wasn't very graceful at grace it was altogether owing to the circumstances in silk by which I was surrounded.

I did not discuss any clerical questions, but everybody was confident that I was a preacher, because I didn't act like one. Of course I was brilliant, and it was noticed that all the young ladies had lost their appetites, and sat looking at me. One opposite looked so steadily that her mother asked her what was so interesting in the pastor? Her eyes fell, and she went to chewing napkins. The gentlemen swallowed all my words, a good deal of dinner, and smiled, with an "Ah!" and "Just so!" "Indeed!" "Capital!" and other expressions of refined intelligence. I was the lynx of the day.

We went to bathe. Five young ladies clung to me for protection in the deeps; while fourteen others affected to be drowning in arm's reach of me, for the purpose of having me reach out and lift them up, so they might overwhelm me with gratitude, and call me their "Dear deliverer!" "Hero," "Darling," and other endearing epithets.

The amount of that day's bath was nineteen young ladies were jealous of nineteen other young ladies, and their speaking terms were terms of war. One on my left, going home, was so happy with me that she was intensely inclined to deride the one on my right, and *vice versa*, and I was made to hear a good deal of family history on both sides which was entertaining, to say the least, and their eyes flashed fire at each other—so much that all their eyelashes were burned off.

At a grand party given in my honor that evening, one young lady asked me why I never married? I was compelled to admit, as I gazed into the soul of her sparkling diamonds, that I had been in no hurry, but had waited to be perfectly suited. She said it would be so nice to have one to share my affections and salary for life, but she herself had always thought she would never like to marry until to-day, and that if she married at all it would be to a minister.

Well, well, it is needless to say we were engaged, with the understanding that it was to be kept secret from all except her mother.

Every night, there was a party in my honor, and my leisure hours in the day were spent in receiving on the sly, presents of morning-gowns, stiched in respect; slippers, worked in admiration; bouquets fragrant with friendships; handkerchiefs breathing of sweetness; etc., etc. I put them in three trunks as fast as received, for shipment, and it was hard work, you may bet.

However, my affianced couldn't help making our engagement everybody else's secret, and the result was that twelve English noblemen, who are not above driving coal-carts when they are at home, found out that she was the very girl each of them wanted. It became the universal theme at the next party in my honor, given by her mother, where all the other young ladies came in more splendor than ever to make me regret my bargain. That was the crowning party of all, and I enjoyed it, and of course was the center of attraction. It is curious I never had thought once of being already married. It was strange, but I never had a good memory.

But shortly, as I sat by, my intended, I was afforded a slight embarrassment by the sudden entrance of a woman and six children, that I had a dim recollection of being slightly acquainted with; but didn't remember where. She asked if Mr. Whitehorn was present, but I thought he wasn't as he did not answer to his name. She said she would like to find him. Then the aforesaid six children started across the room toward me, crying, "Mam, here's dad! here's dad!" the woman following, and everybody staring their eyes out. As I started to run she grabbed me, and said,

"This is my husband. I heard something about his doings here, and I came to offer him a little variation to his amusements," and here she came down like a wolf on the fold with a cowhide, amid the screams of the company—used to qualify the word "Impostor," while my young lady and her mother were borne out in a cold and formal faint.

As I retired under the command of my wife, I said: "Ladies, I painfully feel that mistakes are liable to happen outside of well-regulated families as well as in them. I made a mistake in coming here, and my wife made a greater one when she came. I have found that being among the *lites* is not always calculated to elate, and now—"

"Leave, sir, leave!" was gently breathed in tones to make the ear ache.

It is needless to say I departed without any tenderly-breathed farewells, and was heartily happy to come home.

Please raise the lid of that box and get out one of those quart vials labeled "Peace in the family," and a tumbler, and don't you even whisper this in your dreams, for I have suffered! The memory of some things fades, but the recollection of a calamity never does; so here's to Better Luck. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FACES.

"FACES never lie," says Lavater, "if you but read the language written upon them."

That faces do lie most egregiously I learned early in life; and years of experience with men have not taught me to read a heart by studying the physiognomical lines which Lavater's "science" says are prism-fines for fixed properties.

Certain prominent or representative attributes sometimes are expressed in form, feature and expression. The sneak, the man of avarice, the pugnacious nature, are, as it were, types—in word, act and look expressing self; but, such typical bodies are the rare exception, not the rule, in individual forms. The keenest professional physiognomist will fail to fathom the true characters of the eleven men in a Madison avenue omnibus who ride down-town with him every morning. That man with the white cravat, and open, candid face, though he is the leading member of an imposing church, is a cool, well-schooled and thoroughly heartless villain, nevertheless. He is a "bull" one day and a "bear" the next. He spreads news for the unwary and ignorant, and laughs when his work of falsehood and deceit bring his victims to grief.

Lavater would pronounce him a good citizen and a benevolent man; those who know him, not by his face but by his acts, call him a remorseless scoundrel.

If it is difficult to detect character in man, who is always so demonstrative, it is doubly difficult to read in woman's face the facts of her character. Women dissemble by instinct. They unfailingly put the best side out. They study not so much how to please as how to make a good impression. They so cover up and suppress the bad or weak side of their nature that a husband never knows what his wife is. We dare say that tens of thousands of husbands will sustain us in the assertion that their wives keep hidden from them traits whose existence it takes years to discover and understand—so secretive is the sex. They may babble gossip or peddle scandal—they may talk little nothings with endless iteration—they may enjoy the weak chatter of empty-headed men; but, the veriest gossip and scandal-monger is, after all, exceedingly secretive, as to herself; and he is indeed a wise man who can penetrate her character-mask, and see her as she is.

This secretiveness, in woman, is rather an instinct of self-preservation than a bad quality used for bad purposes. It differs from the same quality in man by being made serviceable for suppressing what is bad and for bringing forward what is good; whereas, men are secretive and practice duplicity—usually for sinister and selfish purposes. Woman acts in self-defense, man in offense, in the use of this faculty of deception.

But, whatever the motive, certain it is that few faces tell the story of the soul beneath; and he who sets out in life expecting to learn to read human nature from word, look and feature, will be too often deceived and betrayed to put much faith in Lavater's physiognomic philosophy after he has arrived at his "years of discretion."

U. B. WISE.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

The critic holds, when he fills it properly, an undoubtedly high post. To criticize impartially should be of course his aim. He should not be a Jeffrey, delighting in crushing the Byrons and Keats who may take the arena of literature, nor yet one critical to a fault, and prone to quibbling or needless fault-finding. To be a critic one should be well grounded, of extensive and varied reading, with a keen judgment, a disposition which will weigh facts well with others, and by comparison exhibit the merits, or expose the defects of whatever he attempts to critically examine. In addition he should be thoughtful and slow in passing sentence. To be well informed, one must of course be rendered so by the second qualification, which is by extensive and varied reading, to have one's mind well stored with matter, precedents, ideas and the opinions of others, without meaning of course to say that the thoughts of others should be appropriated in an underhand

manner; rather implying that the thoughts of others should be the fountain-springs, from which arise thoughts of our own, even as Eve, the mother of all, has given birth to the beauty of her children—beauty which, in every individual who possesses it, has some peculiar charm, that makes it a thing of itself.

Again, a keen judgment, an eye always on the look-out for merit and fault, qualities almost inseparable from the true critic: without these qualifications, we may safely say he can not be a critic; for it is these which induce a disposition to adjust both sides of the balance, without disturbing the equilibrium or impartiality of his opinions. Then it is the disposition to weigh fact with fact, to look carefully on both sides of the picture, to subject the matter to a rigid comparison with that of others of a similar nature, which makes him slow of judgment, to the point and weighty in his remarks, impartial in consideration—in short, which makes him the critic.

Let, then, any young "Excelsior" who may read what is here written for him especially, take all this to heart, and, if his ambition is to figure as a critic in the literary world, let him of all things aim more at reading little, and that with all care and attention, than in making "Mulla non multa" his aim; for a little matter well digested is more beneficial by far than many ideas, which, as the saying is, "go in at one ear and out at the other." A critic is an individual who must think, and think deeply—must be one who does more than readers in general, who only look skin-deep; he must look a thing through and through to unmine the metal, from which he has to separate the base material; and show to the world the worth or the inferiority of the metal by passing it under the ordeal of criticism. A critic must have ability, impartial judgment, acute observation and a well-stored mind.

TRIUMPHS OF PRETTY WOMEN.

LIFE becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dumbello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence molding our social intercourse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful, or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her which molds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondences, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glasswork of Murano, a hundred exquisite things and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnesus as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous sermons and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.

A LITTLE BOY'S LETTER.

MR. EDITOR: I don't think it is fair for newspapers to be always throwing ink at little boys, as they generally do. What would you big, double-fisted fellows be if you had never been a little boy? Some time ago, you told everybody all over the country about a little boy's pocket being full of things, and the other newspaper that we get, all make fun of little boys, and let little girls do just as they please. Now, I know a girl that goes to school, no bigger than I am, that has more things in her pocket than two boys could cram into their trousers. She had, the other day, a piece of ribbon, two business cards, four picture cards, a piece of silk, a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, a lead eraser, an ink eraser, a fifteen-cent shin-plaster, a penknife, a key, a thimble, a pine cone, a slate pencil, a pocket looking-glass, two pieces of gum, a button, some parched corn, and three pebbles. Now why don't you poke fun at her the way you do at us? Never mind; if ever I get to be a printer, I'll show up these girls that do just as they please, and make us little boys stand back and wait on them and eat at the second table, and go to bed at dark, and carry wood, and do all the chores before school.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want you to publish this letter without changing the words, and making fun of me, and misspelling and all that sort of thing. For if you make fun of me, I will be mad at you; and I won't carry any more big strawberries to you this summer. A LITTLE BOY.

UNFAITHFUL.

BY A. W. BRILLAW.
Barn, barn, sad heart, till thou burn out in me!
No head shall any more lie sweet on thee!
Through what lost means shall love be comforted,
Sad heart, which art a kingdom of the dead?

Last night she said, "We have not long to kiss,
For life is scant of years for love like this;
Ah, who could say that love should grow so vast,
Kiss me good-night and dream it is the last!"

She took thy peace with false and false replies,
With sweet untruth, and falsehood of the eyes,
And since to head the love-wise now on thee,
Barn, barn, sad heart, till thou burn out in me!

City Life Sketches.

CLAYTON BELL, The Bank Clerk.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the little parlor of a small two-story brick house on Minetta street, New York, sat a blooming girl of eighteen and a handsome young fellow of twenty-five. The girl was called Minnie Clarbrook. She was the only daughter of a widowed mother. Her father—a sea-captain—had been lost off the Southern coast, wrecker on the wave-repelling rocks of Key West.

The sailor had left but little of this world's goods behind him, and the widow and orphan had had a hard battle for existence.

Minnie had found work in a large dress-making establishment on Broadway, and as she was a quick, capable girl, she had risen to be forewoman of the shop.

The young man was called Clayton Bell. He was a bank clerk, and employed in a well-known banking-house in Wall street. Judging from the position of the two—from the close proximity of their chairs as well as from the loving glances, wherein the brown eyes of the man met the blue ones of the girl—one would have guessed that the two were lovers, and so in truth they were.

Accident had brought Minnie Clarbrook and Clayton Bell together. Both young; both seeking that love which is so natural for all fresh young hearts to crave, was it to be wondered at that Clayton should seek to win the fair young girl to be his own forever, or that she should return his passion? Minnie and Clayton were engaged, and the day for their marriage already had been set.

"Minnie," said Clayton, somewhat abruptly breaking the silence, "was there ever any thing between you and Frederick Germon?"

The girl looked with astonishment into the face of her lover at the question.

"No," she answered; "why do you ask? I did not know that you and Germon were acquainted."

"Why, we are clerks together in the same banking-house," said Clayton.

"I never heard you mention it before," said the girl.

"No, that is true, nor did I know that you and he were acquainted until yesterday. Then I happened to mention that I was going to be married soon, and he asked the name of my wife that was to be; and when I spoke your name, he seemed utterly astounded. I asked him if he knew you and he answered that he had once had the pleasure of your acquaintance, and from the tone in which he spoke I fancied that possibly he might once have been an admirer of yours."

A shade passed over the fair face of the girl.

"I believe he did profess to love me once," she said, slowly; "but there was something about him—I can hardly explain what—that made me dislike him. And when he told me that he loved me, I answered him frankly that I could never look upon him in any other way but as a friend. You can guess, Clayton, how such a proud young man as Frederick Germon took his rejection."

"And have you seen him since?"

"No."

"Germon and I are not over friendly," Clayton said, thoughtfully. "I believe he hates me, and I fancy that he would be glad of a chance to do me an injury. You know, Minnie, that I have been in the employ of Bennet Brothers longer than any other clerk in the banking-house, and of course they place a great deal of trust in me. Germon and I are the only ones besides the Brothers that have access to the safe and vault. Now, for the past few days, our cash has been short; some one is robbing the firm. Of course the crime lies between Germon and myself, no others having access to the safe. But, how it is done I can not understand, for his books seem to be all right. But I have made up my mind to go down to-night to the banking-house will be closed and I can have it all to myself—and try and discover by a thorough examination of the books, who the guilty one is."

"Do you suspect Germon?" Minnie asked.

"To speak frankly, I do," Clayton answered. "He has been indulging in a great many expensive luxuries lately, such as fast horses and champagne suppers—things he couldn't possibly pay for out of his salary."

"After a few minutes' conversation—that does not pertain to our story—Clayton took his hat and walked down-town toward Wall street.

As the young clerk turned into Wall street, one of a group of young men standing on the opposite corner detached himself from the rest and followed Clayton. He seemed to wish to dog the young man without attracting his attention.

Clayton entered the banking-house of his employers, and procuring the books of the firm, commenced his search.

Patiently for an hour or so Clayton compared the figures.

At the end of the hour, he became convinced that by means of false entries, Frederick Germon had been robbing his employers of large sums of money.

Clayton closed the books, satisfied, yet sorry.

He felt that it was his duty to tell his employers all.

As Clayton rose from his seat, the door of the banking-office opened, and Frederick Germon—the erring clerk—the man whom Clayton felt that it was his duty to denounce—entered the room.

Clayton started, with astonishment. His face betrayed to Germon that he knew all.

"You have been examining the books," Germon said, vainly endeavoring to appear calm.

"Yes," Clayton answered, reluctantly.

The look of pain, yet of conscious guilt upon the features of the other cut him to the heart.

"Have you discovered any errors?" Germon asked, in a husky voice—a voice that trembled with apprehension.

"I have," replied Clayton, slowly.

"And those errors have something to do with me, eh?"

"Yes,"

"Ah!"

Then for a moment there was silence in the room.

The flickering rays of the dying sun came in at the window and played upon the faces of the two men. The clock-ticking loudly on the wall alone broke the silence.

At last Germon spoke.

"I suppose that you will tell the firm what you have discovered?"

"I shall be obliged to," Clayton answered, slowly.

"When will you make this disclosure?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I suppose I can not buy your silence?" Germon asked, with an evil look in his dark eyes.

"No," said Clayton, firmly. "I own it gives me great pain, but it is my duty and I must do it."

"I have been foolish and reckless, and now I suppose the end is coming," said Germon, bitterly.

"I am not your judge—no, not even your accuser," exclaimed Clayton, quickly.

"There are errors in your books. It is my painful duty to tell the heads of the firm so. How they will act in the matter I can not say."

"Yes, but I can," said Germon, bitterly.

"It will be a Sing Sing matter, small mercy I shall get at their hands. If I had money now I'd run for it, but I haven't. I'm dead broke. Clayton, do you know that you have been my ruin?"

"I!" exclaimed Clayton, in astonishment.

"Yes, you!" replied Germon, sullenly.

"I can not understand how that can be," said Clayton, in wonder.

"It is easily explained," replied Germon.

"You are going to marry Minnie Clabrook?"

"Yes."

"I loved that girl once—I love her now, even though she is your promised wife. If you hadn't come between us, she would have loved me; she would have been my wife; I should not have become the blind, reckless fool that I have been. To drown the memory of my disappointment, I have plunged into dissipation—have squandered money not my own, and now I suppose I must answer for my crime. But, you are the cause of all. When I am shut up in my prison-cell you will have the pleasure of remembering that it was you who placed me there."

"You are wrong," replied Clayton. "Minnie refused you before she knew me. I did not come between you and her. And even now, if you wish, you have time to escape from the consequence of your guilt. If you wish, I will keep the knowledge of this meeting locked securely in my own breast, and will never reveal it to any one. By this time to-morrow you can be miles away from New York."

"But I tell you I am penniless!" cried Germon, a heavy frown upon his brows.

"Here is fifty dollars that I will lend you," said Clayton, taking the money from his pocket-book and offering it to the other.

"No, I can't take your money, although I thank you for the offer," Germon said, after thinking for a moment. "I will tell you, though, how you can aid me. Leave me alone in this office for ten minutes. That is all I ask."

"For what purpose?" questioned Clayton, in wonder.

"Never mind that!" cried Germon, impatiently; "will you do it?"

Then Clayton caught the eyes of the other wandering in the direction of the safe. In a moment he guessed the plan of the dishonest clerk. He intended to rob the safe and thus obtain money to carry him beyond the reach of the long arms of justice.

"Will you do as I ask you?" said Germon, an evil gleam in his eyes.

"No, I will not," replied Clayton, firmly.

"Take care! it may be the worse for you, Clayton Bell, for I tell you frankly that I am desperate just now. Money I must and will have, and I am not particular as to where or how I get it."

"Don't stain your soul with another crime," said Clayton, earnestly. "Take the money I offer you and fly."

"No," responded Germon, fiercely. "For the last time I ask you to leave me here alone for ten minutes."

"I will not!" exclaimed Clayton, firmly.

"Take care you force me to it!" cried Germon, approaching the other with an air of menace.

"Keep away!—I do not wish to hurt you!" exclaimed Clayton, who saw that a conflict was at hand.

With an exclamation of anger, Germon sprang toward Clayton. In endeavoring to avoid the furious attack, Clayton stumbled and fell backward, striking his head heavily on the corner of the iron safe. Stunned and bleeding he came to the ground senseless.

Germon bent over the prostrate man.

"I believe he is dying," he cried, in horror. "Well, I must provide for my own safety. I didn't mean to kill him though, but the money I must have."

Then Germon unlocked the safe, and helped himself to the funds deposited there.

The robbery completed, he again surveyed his victim.

The white face of the fallen man showed no signs of life. A dark pool of clotted blood surrounded the head of Clayton, and his curly locks were crimsoned over with his own blood.

"Poor devil! I didn't mean to do it!" cried Germon, half reproachfully. "But now for flight!"

With hasty steps he left the office.

The sun sunk in the west, and the stars came out in the dark blue sky. The soft rays of the rising moon came in through the window and kissed the white upturned face softly.

Ten o'clock came and then a knot of people stood by the side of the senseless man. Alarmed at his long absence, Minnie had sought for and found him just in time to save his life.

Though the cut in Clayton's head was an ugly one, still he was worth a dozen dead men.

Chase was instantly given for the absconding clerk, but Germon made good his escape and was never captured. But, years after, a strange rumor came of a gambler killed in a drunken brawl in Nevada, who, on his death-bed, had declared his name to be Frederick Germon.

Clayton and Minnie were married, and the bank clerk is now one of the leading brokers of New York.

Choosing a Husband.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AMY FIELDING sat by the open window on that hot July day, looking at two letters that lay in her hands.

There was a half-puzzled look in her bright eyes, and an earnest expression on the firm, tight-closed lips. Outside was heat and glare and suffocation; no view, no grass, not a living green shrub, only the steaming walls of five-story tenement-houses, with endless pulley-lines, extending like huge worms from the rows of windows to rows of posts.

It certainly wasn't very inviting, and pretty little Amy Fielding knew it was as comfortable living away up on the third floor of that Seventh avenue house as city life could be.

She was a petite creature, was Amy Fielding; not at all stylish in her buff lawn dress, turned away at the neck to expose the full, plump throat. She was of symmetrical build, small and airy in her ways; with a sweet, rippling laugh that made the room echo again.

Her mother thought her eyes—those roguish blue eyes—the prettiest in New York; and so did Algee Emerson—rich, aristocratic young Doctor Emerson.

And there was the trouble; Amy Fielding, who worked for her daily bread in a newspaper office, had been observed by the young physician; and then, when Mrs. Fielding had been taken sick, some one sent Amy to Doctor Emerson; and as a natural consequence, he had fallen in love with her.

And little innocent Amy? The very sound of his carriage wheels was enough to set some young man took her hand, and then held it several seconds, the delicious blushes would rush to her guileless face, and Doctor Emerson knew she loved him.

Her mother had failed to discover the affection, for not a word had been uttered; and that day, while Doctor Emerson was taking his after-lunch cigar in his sister's elegant mansion on Lexington avenue, where cooler breezes fanned him than often fell to Amy's good fortune, she, the little compos-

tor, was reading two letters that the carrier had just left.

"My Amy," one said, and a beautiful glow came to her cheeks as she read, "have you not seen, not loved me, my little girl, for my heart tells me so. Send me just a line, Amy, to tell me if you will be my wife, soon—Amy, soon. I am coming to-morrow to see you; but I can't wait till then to know for sure you are mine."

"Algee!"

It was her first love-letter, and no wonder her heart throbbed in riotous delight.

It was but for a moment; and over her face came a flush, not of love, but half-alarm, half-anger, as she again read the other letter:

"Miss Amy Fielding:

"If you knew the risk you were running in accepting the attentions of Doctor Algee Emerson, you would take the advice of a friend, and dismiss him. Your common sense ought to tell you that when a young gentleman belonging to the 'upper crust' pays his addresses to a young girl who sets type for a living, and who lives on the third floor of a Seventh avenue tenement-house, he is only trying to impose upon her innocence of this world's ways. If you want a proof of all this meet me—I am a woman who writes this—on the corner of Seventh avenue and Thirty-first street to-night."

"A WELL-WISHER."

Amy's first impulse was a good one; and, without delay she sought her mother and told her every thing.

"And you love Algee Emerson, my child?"

The mother's eyes were wistful and tender as they scanned the girl's flushed face.

"As my own life, mother," whispered Amy, in a thrilling, almost reverential voice.

"Then it will all be right; for I don't believe a good Providence would permit your young life to be crushed as that letter seems to anticipate it will be if you continue to cultivate the doctor's acquaintance."

Mrs. Fielding took the note from Amy's hand.

"It is written intelligently, even beautifully, and perhaps is true. What will you do, Amy?"

A sudden sparkle flashed to the girl's eyes.

"I have a plan, a test, mother. I know how to prove Algee. May I? Please say yes!"

And she knelt beside her mother, her cheeks blushing, her frame all a-quiver with the earnestness of her wish.

Mrs. Fielding smiled; then mused; then consented. And Amy began the test which was to prove Algee the honorable lover, and brand "A Well-Wisher" a jealous meddler.

It was a magnificent apartment, with pale-

blue velvet carpet on the floor, and azure satin curtains sweeping down from the heavy blue and gold cornices. A cool, perfumed air from an adjoining conservatory was gently waving the trailing skirts of the fair-haired lady who sat beside the window, toying with a babe that lay in her lap. She was a sweet-faced woman, this rich Mrs. Gordon, and as good, as noble as wealthy.

Here, Anna, you may take Master Affie for his morning nap—and just stop at the door of my dressing-room and tell the new maid I'd like to see her a moment."

The "new maid" was not long in appearing. A neat, tidy little body, with a mass of jetty hair arranged in a net, and a pale face. Her eyes were habitually downcast, and her manner was a little nervous.

"I thought, perhaps, you might feel a little strange, Emma, so I sent to tell you more particularly your duties."

Emma took her orders, and was about to withdraw.

"I will have you bring some sewing here, Emma, where I can superintend the work. Get little Algee's cambric apron and ruffle it."

As Emma returned with the garment, a gentleman entered the open window.

"Oh, Algee! I thought you were Mr. Gordon! Never mind—come right in."

Mrs. Gordon spoke up quickly for her brother, Doctor Emerson, had glanced at the girl, who, with her back toward them, sat diligently sewing.

"It's cool this morning, Lil; won't you have a ride?"

Doctor Emerson threw back his handsome hair with a gesture of comfortable impatience.

"Thanks, no. Where have you been—off courting that little plebeian up on the Seventh avenue?"

Mrs. Gordon laughed. Algee frowned; then smiled, a little gravely.

"You mustn't joke about that any longer, Lil. I've offered her my hand."

"Algee?"

Mrs. Gordon uttered the name in her surprise.

"Yes; and my heart too. Lil, you haven't the slightest idea how lovely she is. So guileless, and innocent, and girlish. She is refreshing. I assure you, after the insipid set up on the avenue."

Mrs. Gordon laughed again—a kind, genial little merriment.

"But have you thought of Madam Grundy, Algee? Are you sure you will be satisfied with her beside more fashionable women?"

and sister still talking, and to the little room assigned to her own use that very morning. She took down a buff linen basque and plain straw hat, and departed from the Gordon mansion by the servants' entrance.

The cozy little parlor on Seventh avenue was awaiting Doctor Emerson's coming, that warm July night, and Amy Fielding, in her white lawn dress and lilac ribbons, was watching the thoroughfare with all the impatience of a young girl in love. It wasn't long she had to wait, for he was early that evening.

She met him with a smile of modest welcome.

"I know you are mine, my darling Amy."

He whispered it in her ear as he stooped to kiss her.

"But doesn't a Grace Bird stand in the way?"

She met his gaze steadily.

"Not by any fault of mine, Amy. I never committed myself to her. But how did you learn of her?"

Amy laughed.

"I don't care now about it, though I was alarmed when I heard of it, I loved you so. Algee, I was in great trouble till I learned differently."

She looked tenderly at him while she made her sweet confession.

"I can not tell where you heard Grace's name mentioned."

He seemed puzzled to solve the question.

"Then you must remain in ignorance, Doctor Emerson," she retorted, gayly. "Besides, I had ample proof of your love for me, which that letter would like to destroy."

She handed him the letter from "Well-Wisher." He read it, in extreme amazement.

"You must see this person, Amy. To-night, it says, 'I will escort you to the corner, and retire within prudent distance. Learn what it means.'"

Sure enough a woman was at the corner, and a carriage and horses, at which Algee whistled in amazement, as he loitered along.

"Miss Amy Fielding?"

The unknown spoke pleasantly.

Amy answered "yes," and then waited.

"I promised to prove my words; you must come with me a ways."

Amy turned away in a fright.

"Indeed not! Algee! Algee!" She ran toward him and clasped his arm.

"I desire this lady to accompany me a



CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

short distance; perhaps if you escort her she will go."

To Amy's surprise, her lover instantly consented.

"Yes, darling, come. I will protect you."

Off they drove through the dark, hot night; and when the carriage stopped, Amy was at Mrs. Gordon's elegant mansion. Algee took her in the blue-room, and then turned to the valet lady.

"The moment I heard your voice, Lil, and saw the horses, I divined the whole trick. Amy, my little fiancee, this is Mrs. Gordon, your future sister-in-law."

With a gay, cordial laugh, Mrs. Gordon threw aside her lace wraps, and went up and kissed Amy.

"Algee spoiled it all, little sister ad futurum. I intended trying you to the last degree to see if you loved my brother; however, I am thankful it ended as it has. Amy, you are a modest, sensible girl; I am glad Algee is going to marry you."

A mischievous smile broke over Amy's face.

"Ma'am, is Master Allie's apron ruffled yet, or did Emma leave it rather suddenly?"

Mrs. Gordon gazed in amazement.

"Did you know the new girl left, with no cause whatever?"

"I know I left, dear Mrs. Gordon, because I had accomplished my end. I desired to learn of Algee's real sentiments toward me, and where could I learn so well as at his own home?"

"Fortune favored me, and Emma—or rather Amy—heard the conversation this morning. I was a little ruffled. You know now, Algee, where I heard of Miss Bird?"

Mrs. Gordon laughed merrily.

"And you were Emma! Well, there seems to be plots and counterplots on both sides; for it was I who wrote you the note signed 'Well-Wisher.' But, every thing has ended well; so let's have Dinah send up some of the lemonade, Algee—the lemonade Grace loved so well."

She laughed, and Algee and Amy could not repress their smiles, while a merry evening ensued; the result of Amy's odd way of "choosing a husband."

CIVILITY.—Civility costs nothing, and yet how little of it is in use. We are reminded of this by the following anecdote: When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was: "Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest—it is civility."

ENVY.

BY JOE. PLACKETT.

Of all the passions grim and fell
That in the human bosom swell,
That stir the man to thought or deed,
On virtues (like a ghoul) to feed,
Usurping all the finer traits
That heaven sparingly creates,
This Envy must be held supreme;
She shuts out every subtle gleam
That quickens naturally the germ
Of latent love in man, the worm,
And metamorphoses the whole
Of him from earthy sense to soul.

O'er every virtue see her stride,
Her tongue can readily decide
The noblest actions of the heart.
And poison at the very start
The dearest fount whereat we sip,
Or snatch the chalice from the lip.
Her progeny, the green-eyed whale,
Is ever at her side to help,
And strike with poison fang and breath
The helpless victim unto death:
The noblest virtues raise her ire
Until it culminates in fire,
Beneath whose flames her devotees
Are scorched as leaves upon the trees,
Oh! spare me Fate from Envy's tongue,
So like a serpent's, forked and long.
Oh! spare me from her hated look—
Her blighting breath I can not brook—
Or drive her back to Lethe's wave,
And let her birth-place be her grave.

The Banker's Ward:

OR,

The Shadowy Terror of Arrancourt.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRANCOURT'S STATE.

SLOWLY, silently, stealthily, the bent figure of a man crept up the long carriage-way leading to Arrancourt mansion. Ever and anon he stopped, and gave a low, peculiar whistle, muttering curses when the signal was not answered. Then he crept on again. In this way he approached the mansion until he stood almost within the doorway. He chirped again.

This time he was answered by the opening of the door. Crouching back into the shelter of the shrubbery, he feasted his eyes upon the dark beauty of the woman that came out, holding the light before her, and peering into the gloom. She softly spoke a name, and the man stepped from his concealment.

"Oh, you are here!" said the woman, with the least perceptible sneer. "I feared you would not come."

"You have kept me waiting, Dora," said the man, not removing his eyes from her face. "Is every thing ready?"

"Ready and waiting. She is in the north chamber. No noise. Quick and sure, and no traces left. No blood?"

Dora Martin spoke in a steady, hissing whisper that made her listener shudder, yet it gave him but half an idea of the pitiless passions that were surging through her frame.

"Good God, Dora! Can not this be avoided?" he exclaimed.

"Do you shrink from the task, Allan Wentworth?" she asked, with withering scorn, while her coal-black eyes darted scintillations of consuming hatred. Ah! there was the imp that Doctor James Martin saw so plainly, while looking at her across that table in his room on Sixth street.

"Let me pass!" said the man, in a voice quivering with desperation. "I would dare anything for you, Dora Martin."

With a smile of triumph, she opened the door softly, and Allan Wentworth disappeared within the great hall.

The elegant mansion of Arrancourt overlooked a beautiful sheet of water of the same name.

Years ago Norman Vinton was in trade in a southern city, and even before reaching middle age, he purchased the beautiful site, and erected the princely mansion for a country seat. But ill health overtook him before he had an opportunity to occupy this rural retreat. With his family, he started for foreign lands, leaving Arrancourt to the care of Moses Martin until such time as he should return.

Moses Martin had just buried his loved wife, and tired of the world, Arrancourt offered a quiet retreat. So, with his two motherless girls, Dora and Ella, he went to the delightful country seat.

The years passed, and Norman Vinton did not return. Then came news of his death.

Meanwhile, Dora and Ella grew in stature and in beauty. Their father had a handsome property aside from his savings at Arrancourt, and he gave them every advantage. They were sent abroad to school, and it was on their return that Dora paid her uncle James a visit. As we have seen, her stay was very short.

The news that she took back to Arrancourt surprised her father. He knew absolutely nothing of Norman Vinton, having secured his situation through the agency of others, and meeting his employer but twice. Now that he was really alive, and coming home, he could not say whether he was pleased or not. He set about renovating the long-disused rooms, ably seconded by Dora, who could hardly await the arrival. She was maturing her plans to become the mistress of Arrancourt. That satan which Doctor James saw behind her lustrous eyes was nothing more nor less than an all-absorbing ambition to reach the high position to which she felt entitled, by reason of her beauty and accomplishments. Selfish, unscrupulous, and strong-willed, she would brook no restraint, nor hesitate in the way she had chosen. Withal, she had consummate tact, and concealed her real nature beneath a garb of modesty.

Ella was not less impatient than her sister for the arrival of the Vintons, but her impatience was the result of different motives. Her volatile spirits needed a suitable outlet. The somber life at Arrancourt was not to her taste, and she hoped that the advent of the Vintons would bring the innocent gaiety and harmless amusements she loved so well.

But she was disappointed. Norman Vinton proved to be more of a recluse than her father. He was a tall, dark-haired man, somewhat stooping, cold and formal in manner, and reticent. Yet Moses Martin was quite pleased with him; for he never interfered in the management of the estate. If he never gave praise, so he never blamed;

and the old manager went on in the beaten track he had trod for years.

Henry Vinton was the opposite of his father, and there seemed no bond of sympathy between them. Generous and frank, the young man's sunny disposition had not been soured by contact with the world; and he took to Arrancourt a heart untrammelled, and a mind unsullied by the follies and vices of city life.

He was charmed with the sisters. Dora's brilliancy fascinated him, and Ella's simplicity pleased him. Without expressing any preference for either, he played at courtship with them, thus whiling away the hours which otherwise might have seemed tedious in that lonely house.

And he hardly knew himself which he preferred. If he loved either, the feeling had stolen upon him so quietly that he knew nothing of it.

But Dora's keen eye read his mind better than he knew it himself. She saw that Ella's gentle, trusting ways were surely winning him from her. Alas, for the lovely Ella! The hate of a baffled woman was pursuing her, and would hunt her to the death.

Allan Wentworth crept along the upper hall, but he missed the door. Ah! Dora Martin's luring was a bunger. Ella slept peacefully, while the assassin entered Norman Vinton's room. He stole toward the corner where the master of Arrancourt had thrown himself upon the bed, with the intention of taking a short nap before retiring for the night. He halted to prepare himself for the stroke. With a little steel hammer in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other, he stood at the bedside, listening to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeper. Who can tell what thoughts passed through his mind?

He moved the slide to the lantern, but when the light fell upon the bearded face of the sleeper, he started back with an oath, overturning a chair in his haste.

Norman Vinton awoke, and sprung from the bed to grapple with his unseen foe; but ere they met, the room was flooded with light, and in the doorway stood a SHADOWY TERROR, with long, golden hair hanging loosely about the ghastly face, and a long white robe falling in filmy indistinctness to the floor; while on the breast gleamed an eye of flame, dazzling in its brightness. With outstretched hand the apparition pointed at Norman Vinton, then vanished as silently as it came.

For one brief moment the two men, left in the darkness, stared where they had last seen each other; then Allan Wentworth rushed out of the room, while Norman Vinton, quaking with terror, sunk into a chair and screamed wildly for mercy. His screams reached Dora, who, seizing a light, hastened to his room.

"Back! back!" he shouted, shutting out the light from Dora's candle with his hands. "Take her away! I didn't do it! They lied to you! Keep off—keep off!"

Dora took a step into the room, and Vinton, with a screech of terror, sprung for the window. Dora comprehended his design, and, quick as he, grasped his coat and snatched him back from certain death. He fell to the floor, a grinning madman, writhing and gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth.

Dora recoiled in affright, and Norman Vinton, with a lightning bound, alighted on his feet and darted through the door, filling the house with the most appalling cries for help. Henry Vinton and Mr. Martin, who had just appeared upon the scene, gave chase.

Yet Ella slept.

With a madness almost equal to Norman Vinton's, Dora raved at the failure of her plans.

"Oh, this hateful night's work!" she muttered. "The blundering fool! And that milk-faced chit yet lives to cheat me of my right and my love! Oh, this love! It is consuming me! Did I ever believe that any man could, by his very look, so control my whole being as to make me what I am to-night? But I can not help it! And the thought of her spurs me on. She must die! She shall!"

Was she not the maddest of the mad? Could the mightiest love, the bitterest hate, or the most absorbing ambition, so transform a beautiful woman into a horrid, soulless demon? Say rather that she was crazed.

With catlike tread, she glided across the hall to her sister's door. Softly she entered, and without a tremor—without a thought of pity, or mercy, or love, save the consuming passion for Henry Vinton, she advanced to the bedside.

Yet Ella slept.

The moon, now risen, threw its silver sheen upon the bed, revealing the lovely sleeper's face, and one white round arm thrown over her head. There was a smile upon her lips, and she whispered the name: "Henry."

The grating teeth of the pitiless fiend bending over her, told that her listening ears had caught the sound.

"You'll never say that word again," she hissed.

And baring the gently swelling bosom, she raised the merciless arm.

How like a fiend she looked! How the demoniacal passions had overwhelmed her beauty, and left her a grinning, writhing, hideous thing of hate and devilishness!

But she was not destined to stain her soul with that horrible crime. As that

flood of light had filled Norman Vinton's room, so did it flash into Ella Martin's, saving her from death, and surprising Dora in her murderous attitude; and with it, as if a concomitant of this effulgence, appeared the apparition.

With a cry of baffled rage, Dora turned upon the phantom. Heaven or hell had no terrors for her then. The prince of darkness, or a legion of angels, would not have daunted her. Reason was drowned in the whirlpool of relentless hate, and heedless of every thing, she flew toward the phantom.

Again she was doomed to disappointment. The light and the specter vanished, and she struck only empty air. While rushing wildly here and there, yet thrusting with that murderous knife that she might forever silence this witness to her intended crime, the hateful light again burst upon her vision; and casting her eyes upward, she saw, suspended, as it were, in mid-air, the shadowy terror, with its eye of flaming, dazzling fire.

Sickening with horror, Dora gazed upon the awful sight, and realized that she had no mortal to deal with. She fell upon her knees and begged for mercy.

In answer to her entreaties came a mocking laugh; and that eye of fire flashed and grew, reaching out its arms of crimson flame, nearer—nearer—nearer—until it seemed that the devouring element must lick up her garments, and envelope her with its seething heat. Fraught with such terror as she never knew before, she fled wildly to her room, and fastened the door with bolt and lock. Yet that mocking laugh reached her through the oaken panels, and, springing upon the bed, she buried her head in the pillows to shut out the awful sound. Even footsteps in the hall affrighted her; yet it was only Henry Vinton returning with his father, now sane, but silent, and as weak as though recovering from a long illness. Then the very stillness was frightful, and the darkness was peopled with fearful fancies. Ah! what would she not have given to have blotted that night's work out of existence?

Still Ella slept the sleep of health and innocence, and dreamed the dream of love.

CHAPTER V. THE MISSION OF DUTY.

FLOCKS of snow-white foam danced about the prow, and eddied in the wake of a noble vessel, as she steamed gallantly through the Narrows.

On the upper deck, apart from the eager, expectant crowd, stood Paul Rodney, his heart overflowing with thankfulness at once more beholding the shores of his native land, gazing with pleasure and pride at familiar and half-forgotten objects.

Over on the Long Island shore was Fort Hamilton, well remembered; and isolated in the waves was the old, round, red Fort Lafayette, as familiar to him as his own name. So was Coney Island, which came in sight as he passed from under the guns of the harbor defenders. But he turned from all these as the steamer passed the westerly point of Governor's Island, and brought the grandeur of the empire city into full view.

Eight years previously he had sailed, a mere stripling, from this same port. He returned a well-made, strong-sinewed man. Hardships and exposure had bronzed his once fair complexion almost to swartheness. He had a full, gray eye, mild in repose, yet gleaming with inward force; his nose was prominent, yet well formed; and his finely-cut lips could whisper gently like the fond mother, shout the battle-cry, or hurl defiance to a merciless foe. His long hair, unshorn for many a month, was a dark, glossy brown, and his beard of the same hue, was soft and flowing. Add to all these attractions, a figure almost gigantic in proportions, and majestic in bearing, and you have the description of a man who always drew a second look from all who saw him.

Cast adrift to battle with life alone at a very early age, he had yet acquired a fair amount of book-knowledge, and his somewhat adventurous life had given him much valuable experience, and a noble self-reliance that became him well.

He was one of the first to seek a fortune in the land of gold. Seven years of patient and untiring industry made him the possessor of a few thousands, and tired of the almost barbarous life of the miner, he turned his face once more toward his native city. But there was one regret: he left behind the companion of his toils, Walter Morehouse, the dearest friend on earth.

"If I should not live to see mother again," said Walter, the night before Paul left the camp, "you will watch over her, Paul? She has a comfortable home and some money. I will send some more by you, and you will tell her that in another year I shall be with her, if I am spared."

Paul promised, and sewing Walter's money in his belt, separate from his own, he bade him good-by.

To save his means, Paul took passage in a sailing-vessel, but the ship was wrecked. He, with many others, was picked up and taken to a South American port. There he waited in vain for some homeward-bound vessel, and at last took passage to England, and from thence to New York, arriving safely after a year of beating about. But his hard-earned store of gold was gone, while Walter's was yet intact.

Nothing but absolute starvation would have tempted him to appropriate to his own use a penny of that money intrusted to his care.

As the steamer swung to her moorings, Paul Rodney sprang ashore, filled with delight, as once more standing in his native city. He took a step toward the busy street, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice spoke his name.

"Robert Ransom!" exclaimed Paul, surprised, yet evincing a coldness that indicated no great pleasure at meeting this man. "When did you return from the mines?"

"More than three months ago," replied the man. "But where have you been?"

A shadow fell upon Paul's face, while answering the question, but he threw off his gloom ere he had finished.

"How were the boys when you left?"

"We left none but Walter," said the man.

"How was he? Doing well, I trust? I hoped to meet him here."

"We left him in his coffin," said Ransom.

"Good heavens! that can not be!"

"Died in less than a month after you left, Paul. I helped to put him in the ground," added the man, in a tone that grated harshly on Paul's ears. "You haven't seen his mother yet?"

"Not yet."

"Are you going?"

The question aroused Paul from his abstraction. He drew back, and his hands worked nervously as though he could hardly restrain himself from punishing the scamp without delay.

"Going, you villain!" he exclaimed. "But I'll overlook it, Bob Ransom. Yes, I am going to Willamington to-day, and if you have any word from Walter, or any money belonging to Mrs. Morehouse, you had better send it along."

"Who told you I had," cried the man, with an air of bravado, yet unable to meet Paul's honest gaze.

"I will see you again," said Paul, turning away.

"Wait!" cried the man, in alarm. "You mustn't be too hard on a feller. Walter gave me a letter for you. It's up to the house."

"Lead the way," said Paul, sternly. "I have no time to waste with you."

Ransom's boarding-house was but a short distance from the wharf, and they set out toward it, Paul's rapid strides showing his impatience to have done with the villain.

Paul almost snatched the soiled envelop from Ransom's hand, and tore it open with eager haste. A bank check dropped to the floor.

Ransom sprang to pick it up, and Paul allowed him to do it.

"Fool!" muttered the disappointed villain. "If I had known this!"

Paul finished the reading of the letter, drawing his hand often across his eyes. Then he held out his hand for the check, which the man reluctantly gave him.

"Now, Robert Ransom," said Paul, sternly, "where is the money that Walter sent home by you?"

"He never sent any!" said Ransom, yet showing evidence of guilt.

"He did!" shouted Paul, grasping him by the collar. "Where is it? Tell me, or I'll thrash it out of you."

Ransom knew that he was abundantly able to make good his threat, and he whined:

"Don't Paul! I was hard up, and I've used some of it. Here is the rest."

Paul released his hold and took the money.

"That is all I want of you, Bob Ransom; only for your own good, I would advise you to keep out of my way."

The villain scowled wickedly, and when Paul was out of hearing, muttered:

"You think you have done with me, but I'll show you the difference before you are a day older. The woman, Morehouse, never shall have that money, if a sure hand and a sharp knife are of any account."

Paul Rodney found some difficulty in getting the check cashed, but succeeded at last, and placed the money in his pocket, murmuring:

"Poor Walter, he gave it to me, but his mother must have it all."

He now bent his steps toward the depot, and inquired the price of a ticket to Willamington. The answer made him aware of the leanness of his pocket-book.

"I must take it a-foot," he said, to himself, yet half aloud.

And at his elbow stood a man who smiled grimly as he heard the words, and gave the wink to another man hid away in the crowd.

Paul now purchased some cheese and crackers for a lunch on the way, and then got out for Willamington.

Behind him skulked the two men, never losing sight of him, and one of them was Bob Ransom.

Paul stepped along quite gayly, and when he had left the city behind, and breathed the fresh air of the country, his spirits revived still more.

He pictured to himself the cosy little home of Warren's mother, and a mild-faced woman in black, mourning for the lost one. How much good the money would do her, now that she had no one to lean upon! And if he did sometimes wish that he had as much, it was with no idea of depriving her of it. He would have starved rather than that.

He trudged along courageously till dark,

stopping occasionally for a drink of water and a bite of lunch. As the gloom of approaching night deepened, he bethought himself of a place to sleep. At the time he was passing through some thick woods, and as the night was warm and pleasant, he resolved to try a bed under the trees. He had slept in many a worse place. Selecting a suitable spot but a few steps from the road, he scraped some leaves together, and throwing himself upon them, was soon fast asleep.

All the while the two men had been on his track. As it grew dark they drew nearer, and when Paul sunk to rest, they were not far behind. They saw him turn from the road, and surmised his object.

"We must wait until he gets asleep," said Ransom, "for he is a perfect tiger when he gets started, and you and me would stand no sight at all. He'd handle us like two kittens. But if we take him when he's asleep, we can creep up and give him a prick in the heart that will settle him at once. Then we can gobble the money, and slip back to town as fast as we are a mind to. And who'll be the wiser?"

This very simple arrangement was readily agreed to by Ransom's accomplice, and the two sat down, and waited until they felt sure that their victim was asleep. Then they skulked softly toward the wood. Paul's regular breathing soon guided them to the spot where he was so quietly sleeping.

They crept up one on each side, and each with a keen knife uplifted.

"Now!" whispered Ransom, through his hard-set teeth, and simultaneously the two weapons descended on their murderous errand.

CHAPTER VI. THE SHADOWY TERROR.

THE night of horror left its impress upon the inmates of Arrancourt.

The sickly, cadaverous expression which came over Norman Vinton's face when he first saw the phantom never left it. The sight alone could not make so deep an impression. There was something connected with it that was a constantly-recurring terror by day and by night. He grew nervous and fitful, starting at every sound, and wildly listening to even the rustling of a leaf, as though every moment fearing another visit from the shadowy terror. His face was seamed with care, his body feeble and bent, and his eyes were wild and staring. The canker of remorse was gnawing at his vitals.

He spent the greater part of his time in the library, refusing all companionship except Dora, and she seemed essential to his existence. He was peevish and fretful when she was absent, and begged that she would not leave him alone; and with a disregard of self that was wholly foreign to her nature, she strove to gratify his whims.

Henry Vinton was also changed. A troubled gravity had become the habitual expression of his face, and he moved about the old house with a slow and solemn step, like one in the presence of the dead.

He was with Ella more than ever, now that Dora gave so much of her time to his father. Although the fair girl was cognizant of the gloom that enveloped Arrancourt, she yet could not restrain all her cheerfulness, and her society proved a partial antidote to Henry Vinton's wretchedness.

Henry had not yet learned the secret of that night of terror. That something extraordinary had occurred to place his father in that state of mental excitement in which he found him, he was well satisfied, but he was far from guessing the truth.

He had hoped that his father would make him his confidant, but, on the contrary, he realized that a barrier was forming between them that precluded the possibility. He sought to glean something from Ella, but, as we have seen, she knew even less than he. And Moses Martin was as much in the dark. So there were but two that could enlighten him.

One day he found Dora in the conservatory. It was a fitting time to clear up the mystery, lift the gloom which oppressed him, and relieve the suspense which bore so heavily upon him.

She was culling flowers, and deftly arranging them into a bouquet for Norman Vinton. She did not see Henry, and he stood for a moment admiring her rare loveliness; yet there came over him, for the first time, a feeling of dread and fear of the dark, handsome face.

When he revealed himself, she was startled, and turned very pale.

"How you frightened me, Mr. Vinton. I did not know that any one was near."

"I have been here some time," said he, gravely. "I wish you would give me your attention for a moment."

She cast a quick, searching glance into his face, but saw only a look of sadness. Although she had neglected him of late, she yet hoped when he spoke.

"I must soon return to your father," said she, winding the thread about the flower-stems.

"It is of my father that I wished to speak," said he.

"Then I care nothing for what you have to say," thought Dora, with a shade of disappointment on her face; but Henry went on:

"You have usurped a place near my father, excluding every one else," said he, bitterly.

"Mr. Vinton," began Dora, haughtily, but her tone softening as she proceeded, "it is not of my seeking. You are not aware, perhaps, of your father's true condition. His mind is fearfully shattered, and only by the utmost care can he be saved from hopeless insanity. To thwart him only aggravates the malady, and for his sake and—yours—"

She dropped her eyes so modestly, and blushed so charmingly, that Henry almost forgot what she was saying.

"For mine?" he exclaimed. "And why?"

The answer she gave was a look of absorbing love, that he could not mistake.

Thoughts surged with lightning speed through Henry Vinton's brain as this new light burst upon him, and unconsciously he put his arm about her waist, and drew her unresisting form to his. He forgot the errand for which he had come, and the whispered vow of constancy to Ella, which was hardly cold upon his lips, and gave himself up to the blissful intoxication of the moment.

"Do you love me, Dora?" he whispered, bewitched by the nearness of her perfect form, and the devouring look of love in her lustrous eyes.

"More than words can tell," she faintly articulated.

At this moment the door opened, and Ella tripped lightly in, not knowing that any one was there. When she saw the lovers, she stopped, and her face became rigid and white as marble. For a moment she gazed, stupefied; then, with a wail of mortal anguish, she fled from the conservatory.

Henry Vinton forgot the form that reclined against him, and the eyes that looked so lovingly into his. He stared blankly into space, filled with remorse for his perfidy, and dumb with bitterest grief.

"Let me go now, Henry," said Dora, to break the spell of his misery. "I will come again soon."

He passively allowed her to disengage herself from his arms, remaining in the same position until the door closed upon her. Then his anguish burst forth:

"Oh, what have I done! what have I done!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands in an attitude of despair, and frantically pacing to and fro. "Oh, Ella! my darling! Can you ever forgive the wrong? Can you ever trust me again? Can you overlook this perfidy, and not hate me as I deserve? Ah! I fear not!"

He sunk into a seat and buried his face in his hands. He had no knowledge of the lapse of time. The shades of evening gathered around him, but he stirred not. All at once he heard the rustling of a dress, and with a thrill of joy he looked up, for he knew it was Ella.

She did not see him, and he caught her hand.

"Oh, Ella, forgive me!" he pleaded. "I knew not what I was doing. I love you, and you only! Say that you have not lost faith in me!"

She listened almost calmly to his words; then drew her hand away and pointed to Dora who was approaching them smiling and radiant.

"Come, Henry," said Dora, "I have been looking for you."

He looked at Ella, but she had turned coldly away. She had not forgiven him. Dora smilingly awaited him, conscious of her power, and he gave her his arm, escorting her into the house.

"Mercy! mercy! mercy! Spare my life!"

The pitiful pleadings came to their ears as they traversed the broad entrance-hall, and following them, were the most heart-rending shrieks that mortal ear heard.

"Your father!" gasped Dora; and together they sped up the stairs. At the landing they stopped, transfixed with affright. Right before them stood the shadowy terror of Arrancourt, and the flaming spot of fire upon the breast dazzled their eyes like the mid-day sun. Suddenly the strange vision vanished, and out of the darkness came the whispered words: "Beware! Beware!"

Dora clutched her companion's arm.

"What is it, Henry? What can it be?"

"A voice from the other world, perhaps, and we must heed its warning."

As he spoke, a fleeting figure passed them, the wind from her flying garments fanning their faces.

"You have killed me, sister," was whispered so distinctly that Henry heard it as well as Dora.

"Ella! Ella!" cried the frantic Henry, darting after her. "Wait for me! Oh, do wait! I can not let you go!"

But in the darkness he lost sight of her. Dora stood gazing down the stairs, a fiendish smile disfiguring her face.

"She will save me the trouble," she hissed through her clinched teeth. "And there's not so much difference between self-destruction and murder." Ah, Henry Vinton, if you find your love again, she will be cold in death. The way is open for me, and I shall yet be mistress of Arrancourt!

She now hastened to the library, and Norman Vinton lay in a dead swoon.

The shadowy terror had paid him another visit.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 33.)

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AT NIGHT.

Dark is the night; the wind blows shrill,
And through the forest sighs:
And near the rill, which leaps the hill,
The forest foliage lies.

And o'er my senses steals a dream,
And shadows seem to flit
In garments white, and seem to gleam,
Around me where I sit.

A spectral host appears to close
Around the lonely grove,
Which well my truant footsteps knows,
And which I fondly love;
For from the days of childhood past,
I there have marked the flight
Of summer's singers, and have cast
All care into the night.

I looked into the darkness night,
And saw, as in a dream,
A cross of wood rose on my sight,
Kissed by the pale moonbeam.

I looked again, and lo! there clung
In garments stained and torn,
A wretched form—her brow was wrung
By agony forlorn.

Pale was her face—pale as the snow,
Which comes in winter time;
And, as she spoke, her accents low
Were like a broken chime.
I heard no words—her arms, entwined
Around the cross, embraced
The senseless wood—oh! had she sinned,
Had she her name disgraced.

Such the emotions, which my breast
Pervaded—I thus pondered:
And cast in tremulous unrest
My eye around, and wondered.

And long I sat, and long I gazed
Upon that anguished brow,
The starting eyes to heaven raised—
'Tis all before me now.

And darker, and yet darker seemed
To grow the shades of night;
And not a wandering moonbeam gleamed
Upon my troubled sight.

When suddenly—my senses froze,
And powerless to stir—
I marked the stained and ragged clothes,
Turn white as snow on her—
Transformed to robes of spotless white;
Peace rested o'er her face;
And Joy shed down a hallowed light
Upon a risen grace.

And then all vanished, and I stole,
Like one impure, away;
And heard the bells of midnight toll
To life another day.

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Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

Then the Stormy Petrel was on the waters of the sea, gliding with an easy motion over the land. The sensation was delightful. But I did not venture just then to look back, being anxious to keep myself quite free from any latent regret or dangerous emotions. Directly the influence of the stream vanished, and I found myself in blue water, it became evident that there was a current to the eastward, which made me shift my sail somewhat and steer to the south of west.

I had naturally not omitted to take with me the compass, that greatest and most admirable discovery for the mariner on the seas.

This change of course brought my island in view to my right. But all I could distinguish was a mixture of rocky and woody shore. I was at least three miles from it, and with that wind could not have returned to it if I would. To say that I was without dread of the consequences of my own action, is to say that which is untrue. The dangers and the perils were known to me.

I might land on an arid, sterile and deserted island, without water or food; I might be detained there by contrary winds or storms, and in consequence might starve. Many men before me had been punished for discontent; but then, there was the sweet hope that I might find myself among my fellow creatures, among those mild and beneficent savages, to whose tribe Pablina belonged.

I did not insult her by calling her a savage. Heaven forbid! Indeed I often found myself wondering how she came into that part of the world; her skin, color and manners, being so totally different from anything I had ever heard of as native of that coast.

While giving way to delicious dreams, the wind was so slight, I had but to steer and smoke! it became evident that I was making scarcely any progress. The wind was fair, but very light, and at last ceased altogether. This was a very serious consideration, as calms are sometimes of very long duration. But it was useless making mountains out of mole-hills.

Having slept scarcely an hour before, I fell off presently into a heavy slumber, during which, however, horrid dreams of being forever becalmed on a pathless ocean, of having only one teaspoonful of water between myself and dog, of seeing that animal die, and then being driven to eat him, caused it to be rather painful than otherwise.

Then, I awoke to find myself still becalmed under a calm and beautiful night, with the vast heavens overhead, resplendent with stars, with the milky-way one mass of blue and white spots, the young moon sprinkling land and sea with a silvery light, and the calm, untroubled ocean gleaming here

and there, as my boat turned round, with phosphorescent light.

It was beautiful, but it was intensely wearisome, and I began to think of using my oars, when a low, rumbling sound was heard in the distance; a dark cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, overspread the horizon, rose to the vault of heaven, and made that cheerful, pleasant night hideous and black.

In a few minutes after, there came overhead a dense black mass of clouds, charged with electricity, from which shortly there burst one of those thunderclaps and flashes of lightning, which one ought to expect would herald the crack of doom. Down went my sail to the very gunwale, as a white streak of foam was seen in the distance.

Then all was still.

But on the edge of the horizon I saw a small, red and increasing light.

Then the squall burst. It was lucky that my sail was down, for in one moment I was wildly tossing amid the spray, my boat whirled round, and myself rocked so violently that I could hardly keep my seat.

Then in five minutes it was over. It was a mere puff and it was gone.

But still on the edge of the horizon I saw a small, red and largely increased light.

My sensations were those of great awe.

In a great sea, as it were, of black, at a considerable distance, appeared a small point of red, rather above the level of the horizon. This point, however, grew rapidly, and then up rose to the wild, weird heavens a column of fire, followed by an uproar, as if all creation were being enveloped in destruction. The noise was appalling—a mixture of artillery roars, with mutterings of agony and wrath, as of some immense power writhing under chains and darkness.

Then up went flames from a large cone, with red-hot stones, cinders, and ashes, which were propelled to a great height with immense violence, and then the molten lava came boiling over in two beautiful curved streams, glittering with indescribable brilliancy.

Then again pale flames, ashes, stones and lava, were propelled with great force and noise from the rugged and yawning mouth.

In the stillness of the night I fancied I could hear the hissing steam, and the roaring of a mighty fire.

The way in which my boat was shaken satisfied me that an earthquake had accompanied the eruption, while every now and then loud claps of thunder, with quick succeeding and vivid lightning, warned me to prepare for a storm. My sail was closely furled, and then, for further safety, my mast taken down. Then again my eyes reverted to the burning mountain.

The action of the crater was intense. One gory jet followed another in quick succession, its crimson hue darkening and deepening from its first issue, till it fell again into the hot pit whence it came. It was as if nature was at play with the most fearful of its elements, that which prophets have said is at last to destroy the world.

This lasted about half an hour, when the centers of intensity seemed to abate their fury, the jets were less and less rapid, and soon a dusky light alone seemed to flicker on the top of the mountain. A few minutes more and nothing was visible but a vast column of smoke, rising like some huge giant, black, frowning and somber, to the skies, where it hung—a dense, murky and ugly cloud.

And still no wind.

All this time the dog, affected by the atmosphere and the scene in general, had covered at my feet, but now, as the night became less infernal and hideous in its characteristics, he rose, and putting his cold nose against my hand, seemed to ask for my caress. This he had freely, after which, by the light of the dim stars that peered out here and there, we took supper, which was very welcome, nor did any event of any consequence occur to disturb us until dawn.

It came heavy, dull and menacing. The clouds did not clear away; the sun rose fiery-red in a bank of vaporous fog; the sea looked a heavy blue, while the crater of the burning mountain vomited forth dense clouds of smoke.

It now became a question as to what was to be done.

The probabilities were very much against the volcanic island being inhabited; or if it had once been, might not that fearful eruption have destroyed the poor wretches who had made it their home? A fearful pang went to my heart as the thought flashed through my mind that I had been a witness of the destruction of the Indian girl and her friends.

But hesitation was not part of my character, and never did a shipwrecked mariner long for a vessel to come and take him away from a desolate shore, than I to feel a breath of wind. It came sooner, and in a different way, than what I had expected.

It was about an hour after dawn, and I had been gazing at the distant island through my telescope for some time, without making out much about it; when, casting my eyes a little to the southward and eastward of the burning mountain, some showers of rain fell. The volcano,

Whose combustible and fuel'd entrails,
Sublimed with mineral fury, did the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom, all involved
With sulphurous stench and smoke—

is also the cause of rain. It is from steam escaping from their yawning chasms, and immediately condensed by the cold mountain air, and falling in drops into hollows, that those regions are watered.

But this struck me afterward, as the rain was moving swiftly, and I knew must be accompanied with wind that might prove fatal to my frail bark, now floating like a useless log on the water. I glanced uneasily at the coming squall, and prepared to steer my boat for the best. I was half-way between the two islands, and could hope to reach neither.

Then my eyes were fixed with greedy curiosity on something out of the common. I saw a dense cloud whirling round and forming its folds into a tube, trumpet-shaped, but bent to an angle of sixty degrees or more with the sea. Then I saw another, more fully formed, rise from the sea, in position and appearance like a cone. Then the tube from the cloud, like a huge engine-hose, descended and joined the other. In the centre the diameter of the column was about three feet, but seven or eight times as thick at the two extremities.

It was a water-spout, and moving in my direction.

I knew that, if it came anywhere near me, I should be sucked into its draught and lost. I watched it then with an intense anxiety, which may be imagined but not described. Having effected this junction, it became a hollow cylinder of water and vapor, extended in a somewhat oblique direction from the sea to the cloud; thin, as I have remarked, in the middle, and broad at the two extremities.

I could distinctly make out, as the wondrous column approached, a whirling motion as of fluids being sucked up from below, clearly demonstrating the water-spout to be a cloud-feeder, like the suction-pipe of a fire-engine. This I was well aware it was; but what the law in pneumatics was by which water was thus pumped up into the cloudy regions of the sky, I did not know, neither do I believe that it has ever been satisfactorily explained.

Then I saw the pillar become gradually small from below, and then vanish. Soon it disappeared entirely, and the heavily-weighted clouds were rent by the weight of water, and a deluge of rain was seen falling immediately around the spot. The origin of the water-spout seems to be a kind of whirlwind, whether they begin from above or below.

My delight may be conceived when the danger was over, and I at once removed my gaze from the one dark spot that had so much alarmed me; when, to my terror and astonishment, I found that I was surrounded by those remarkable phenomena, which, like the pillars of sand in the great desert, often submerge and kill dozens.

There were three, and in the gloom of that canopied heaven the sight was awful.

The one nearest to me was moving slowly, with a violent ebullition of water at its base. It was about a quarter of a mile off and coming exactly in my direction. There was nothing to save me. About half the distance, a rippling commotion in the water seemed to prefigure its power, when down it fell with a fearful flop, agitating the sea for miles around, and rocking my boat in a fearful manner.

It had providentially struck a reef, which I soon found to be only a foot out of water, and on which I found a number of dead fish, killed by the momentum with which the column of water fell.

It was a narrow escape, as I had heard of large ships being sent down by one of these columns, while they have been known, when breaking on land, to wash away houses and drown the inhabitants, while trees have been rent up by them, valleys flooded, eminences ploughed away, deep pits excavated, and habitations, harvests and cattle, swept away with fearful force.

A Wrecked Life;

OR,

The Murderer's Vision.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"AND now, in turn, listen to me for a moment, Mary," and, as he spoke, the old man's face hardened, and the stern look deepened upon his features, while his voice gained firmness as he proceeded.

The girl stood motionless and in silence, but with half-averted face: the clear-cut profile lighted up by the last rays of the sun streaming through the great bay window, as she listened to the words of her uncle, John Pritchard.

"When your father—my only brother—died, you were but little more than a babe; still you must retain some recollection of his face. Well, he left you in my care, and asked me to care for and love you as if you were my own child. I vowed to prove faithful to the trust, and I can honestly say that in nowise have I broken my pledge.

"As I have often told you, he left you a fortune—a generous one—to be placed at your disposal when you became of age, or married—provided you did so with my consent. This latter clause, until very lately, I have always looked upon as a mere technicality, little dreaming that it would ever have to be brought up; for I had such implicit faith in your prudence and love of honor, that I did not deem it possible for you to cherish a feeling of friendship for one

in, aught unworthy of you—much less, a sentiment of love.

"I did not warn you against Preston Minor, because I considered it needless. How could I dream that you would be attracted by him, much less that he could win your love? He, the spendthrift, gambler, rake and drunkard! Stay, I know of what I speak. I, myself, have seen him under the influence of liquor, and know that he games. And yet, he asks me for your hand—and fortune—and now I find that he had your approbation in so doing!

"Mary, you are dear to me, and God knows I love you as if you were my own child, but I can not allow you to so sacrifice yourself. If I saw a chance—the faintest hope—that he would reform and redeem his character, I would not place an obstacle in your path, but joyfully consent to your marriage. But I know him too well to think that. I can not change the answer I gave him last night."

As her uncle ceased, Mary Pritchard turned full toward him, with a pale, cold look upon her beautiful features, and a settled gleam in her full blue eye. She was beautiful, almost peerlessly so, and her present haughty air accorded well with her tall, queenly form. Nineteen summers had perfectly filled her form, and its superb contour was well set off by the dress she then wore. Then she spoke:

"You may withhold your consent, but the result will be the same. It would deeply grieve me to act against your commands, but in this case I must. My word is plighted, and I will not break my troth. You have always been kind and good to me, and I am deeply grateful, but—I love him!"

"I need not answer the slanders you have alluded to, for I know they are false. Every person has enemies, and Preston is not without them. As to the fortune my father left me, that is in your hands to do with as you deem best. It has no weight with me when placed against him. We can live without it for the next two years; then I will become of age, and the law will give it to me. Good-day, sir," and with a haughty inclination, Mary Pritchard glided from the room, leaving her uncle with head bowed upon his hands, in the easy chair, to which he tottered rather than walked.

The result is easily guessed. Preston Minor possessed an eloquent tongue, and, moreover, he had fully won the first heart's love of Mary Pritchard, so that his task of inducing her to abandon her uncle and fly clandestinely with him was not difficult. So one morning John Pritchard awoke to find himself childless; the brief note superscribed with his name that was found in the girl's chamber telling him, in cold terms, that by the time he read it she would be the wife of the man he hated, and bidding him good-by.

It was a fearful shock to the feeble old man, and he sunk beneath it until the physician decided that he could not live through the ensuing night. His heart had been bound up in his niece, and only for her own welfare had he been outwardly so stern, for he loved her better far than himself—almost idolizing her. He well knew that it was Mary's fortune that had caused Preston Minor to be so urgent in his suit, although he may have loved her also, for herself, as far as lay in his fickle, sensuous nature to love any thing other than his own ease and comfort. But John Pritchard was spared the one great fear. He knew that the marriage would be scrupulously legal, as by that alone could Minor ever hope to possess her fortune.

It was long before the old man regained his bodily health sufficiently to sit up, and during it all he had never heard once from his wayward niece. The young couple had left L—, and gone, he knew not whither, and all his inquiries were in vain. So time passed on, until it was over a year since the elopement of his niece.

Then Preston Minor returned to L— with his wife, and they entered into the little cottage on the hillside overhanging the sea, some little distance from the Pritchard mansion.

They settled down very quietly, and the few calls that were made by those who had known Mary Pritchard were not returned. It became rumored about that great changes had taken place in both husband and wife. That they must be wretchedly poor, all agreed, judging from the miserable furniture, and the garments worn by Mary.

Preston Minor had in a great measure lost the handsome looks of a year since, and it was evident that the bottle held still stronger fascination for him than of old. His features were coarse and bloated, his voice harsh, and words brutal. He had thrown off the mask in a very few months after his marriage, and then Mary learned how fearfully she had been deceived in him she had sworn to love and honor.

When their little boy baby came to them he softened for a while, and the old glad smile began to play once more upon the young wife's features, for she thought that the change would prove permanent. But their baby sickened and died, and before another month had been added to those that were gone, Preston reeled home in a state of beastly intoxication, and when she pleaded with him his heavy hand felled her senseless to the floor.

Day by day she toiled at needle-work, only to have her scant earnings taken by force to procure the liquid poison that her



husband craved, or else to be spent at the gaming-table. He had ordered her to apply to John Pritchard for money, but that was a step she could not bring herself to take, and, despite the threats, curses, and even blows that were showered upon her, she remained firm.

Thus it was with them when they returned to L—. "Mary," growled Minor one evening, as they sat at the scantily-supplied table, "I expect some friends here to-night, and will dispense with your company. Go see that you keep your own room, and none of your sneaking round, listening at key-holes or— and a shake of the head told her what to expect.

Without replying to his insulting words, Mary left the room, after clearing the table, and sought her own chamber. She heard the arrival of the expected "friends," as she sat at her window, but did not heed them. Nor did she move when the uproar increased below; loud, coarse laughs and oaths, mingling with the clink or crash of glasses, telling that the strong liquor was beginning to affect the brains of the revelers.

A torturing thirst seized her, and there was no water nearer than the well at the back of the yard, so she tried to conquer it, fearing lest, if she should venture downstairs, she would be seen by her husband and charged with playing the spy upon his actions, as he had more than once done. But, at length, she could resist it no longer, and removing her slippers she stole softly down the stairs, gliding on tip-toes past the door of the room where sat her husband and his friends. It was slightly ajar, and a sentence, spoken in a distinct voice from within, arrested her attention, and she paused as if frozen in her tracks.

"But," said the voice, "supposing you do knife the old codger, how will that better you?"

"Do you mean old Pritchard?" asked another voice; then came that of her husband, in reply:

"Don't mention names, you fool! See this, Atkins. The old fellow has charge of Mary's fortune and won't give it up until she is of age. Besides that, she is his only living relative, and of course he will leave his money to her; and a precious lot the old miser must have. At any rate, with him once out of the way, there is nothing to prevent me from getting hold of the chunk I should have had a year and more since. See?"

"But, if we help you, what'll be our share?"

"All you may find in the house. He is sure to have a good pile with him, and besides there is the silverplate and other nick-nacks, enough to pay you twice over."

"It's like buying a pig in a poke, that way. You must do better than that, or Bill Atkins don't move a finger in the matter."

"That's the talk!" gruffly chimed in the third voice.

"Well, look here," slowly added Minor. "Besides what you get now, I'll give each one of you a thousand when I come in for the cash. It is big pay, and more than the job is worth, but you've helped me more than once when I was hard up, and I'll do it. What d'ye say?"

"We'll do it!" was the simultaneous reply.

"When shall we start?"

"Oh, not before midnight. The storm will break before then, and make enough fuss to drown any cries the old man'll be likely to raise."

Mary paused to hear no more, but fled from the house in an agony of fear and horror. Her brain throbbled, and she feared she should go mad—it was so terrible—so blood-curdling! To think that her whom she had loved so well—the father of her dead babe—the man for whom she had given up all else, should prove to be a cold-blooded murderer; could plot so deliberately against the life of that good old man who had never injured him, and hire others to assist him in his diabolical plans, while beneath the same roof with her; oh, it was horrible!

Then, as the cold wind drove the fine, mist-like rain against her face, one settled idea possessed her mind. She would save her uncle's life, even if she had to betray to him the whole wickedness of her husband, and thus prevent him from dying his hand in blood. With this resolve she changed her course toward the Pritchard mansion.

She dared not go around by the village road, for fear of being too late, and so struck along the sea shore, over the rough, jagged rocks. The mansion stood but a little ways back from the edge of the cliff, and overlooked the town. Her uncle's favorite room—a study where he could be surrounded with the books he loved to peruse over—was upon the ground-floor, and at a distance from the servants' rooms, in an opposite wing. Mary knew his habits well, and that unless ill, he would be found there far into the small hours of the night.

Mary sped on, unmindful of the storm that now broke in all its fury, the rain dashing madly against her slight form, piercing through and through her scanty clothing and upon her unprotected head, while the sharp rocks tore and lacerated her stockings, feet until her path was stained with blood. On, until she could distinguish the faint, steady light that gleamed through the uncurtained window of the room where sat her uncle; the rest of the huge somber-looking pile being shrouded in darkness, save when a vivid flash of lightning revealed it with painful distinctness.

Then her foot slipped and she was precipitated forward upon the sharp, cruel rocks, one of them striking her forehead and depriving her of her senses just when they were most needed. The moments passed on—moments that were fraught with life and death—and still she did not stir. Her swoon seemed like death.

But then her eyes opened, with a faint moan, and as her mission flashed across her mind, she staggered to her feet and tottered onward toward the still gleaming light. With a prayer that she might not be too late, she drew near to the study window and peered anxiously within. The scream froze upon her lips, and she clung to the window for support, as the dreadful sight met her gaze.

There, upon the floor, with the bright lamplight falling full upon his ghastly pale face lay the body of her uncle. The blood welled from his breast, and a gory stream flowed from his throat to the floor. Beside him stood Preston Minor, gazing down upon his victim with the fatal knife still clutched in his hand, while his two companions in crime were busily rifling the drawers of the desk.

Minor suddenly turned and looked toward the window. Just then a brilliant flash of lightning burst forth, and plainly revealed the pale, horror-stricken face of his wife as she stared at his form. As his eyes met hers, a bitter oath broke from his lips, and

he dashed the lamp from the table. Mary turned with a piercing shriek and fled frantically from the spot.

Above the roaring of the tempest, and dashing of the wind-tossed waves upon the rocky sea-shore, she could hear the oaths and shouts of the murderer in rapid pursuit. Fear lent wings to her feet, and she heeded not the cruel, cutting stones as she flew along through the night. In her terror she did not note that her present course would lead her direct to the brow of the precipice, where she would of a surety be overtaken.

She did not heed this, and kept on, while behind her pursued a dark-cloaked form, uttering fearful threats and commanding her to stop, while as the lightning gleamed it shone upon something bright clinched in his right hand. Shouts and cries could be heard at the mansion, and now a bright glow shone forth from the study window. The lamp in falling had broken and ignited the carpet, and now the rooms were in a blaze, while the servants strove to extinguish it, having been awakened by the uproar.

A blinding flash shot before the fugitive, and revealed to her the terrible depth into which she was about to plunge; and then, stumbling, Mary fell senseless to the ground. The dark pursuer beheld this, and, with a howl, rushed forward and stood beside her, the gleaming knife now upheld in the faint rays of the moon that just emerged from behind a driving cloud. He stooped and grasped Mary by the arm.

The thunder now broke forth with a deafening reverberation, and starting, the murderer glanced fearfully behind him. The lightning shone forth with a steady glare, lighting the fantastic clouds with a blood-red hue. The murderer tremblingly glared behind him as if transfixed.

The ragged clouds assumed a wild, weird shape to his distorted vision. He beheld a vast congregation of people grouped together, all gazing upon one object. And that



A WRECKED LIFE; OR, THE MURDERER'S VISION.

object—was a scaffold! Several forms stand upon it, but the center one enchains his gaze. He beholds the rope passed over its head, upon which is then drawn the black cap. A moment's silence, in which the storm seems suddenly to calm, then the trap falls, and the man is precipitated downward, suspended only by the swaying rope. The thunder again peals forth, the lightning vanishes, and the murderer gives vent to a horrible yell of terror and despair.

In the person of the criminal he recognizes himself; his distorted imagination portraying faithfully every feature of his own face!

Uttering a deep groan, Preston Minor dropped the hand of his senseless wife, and staggering backward, fell headlong over the cliff down upon the frightful jagged rocks below!

In the morning, Mary Minor was discovered upon the edge of the precipice, and was restored to life, but not to her senses. For months she remained a raving maniac, but in her delirium she uttered enough of the fearful sight she had witnessed to clear up the mystery that enveloped the murder of John Pritchard, and the two men who had acted as Preston Minor's accomplices were arrested and confined to await her recovery.

When she once more regained her consciousness, Mary told all, and the two murderers finally met the fate they so richly merited. The body of her husband was never found. Mary Minor yet lives, but she is the mere wreck of the one time gay, beautiful Mary Pritchard, and only awaits the summons that shall call her hence to a better land.

A GREAT REMEDY.

DOCTOR SLASHER'S Patent Renovator and Restorer should be kept in all well-regulated families. A friend of mine inherited from his mother a club-foot; two doses instantly straightened it. Another man lost his leg in the attempt to escape from the sheriff; three spoonfuls put an entirely new leg on him. One fellow got knocked down for insulting another larger than he, and one dose raised him up. The head of a little child's doll got broken by the old man stepping on it during a fuss with his wife, but two doses instantly put a new head on it, and made the eyes wink audibly. A gentleman suffered untold miseries from an old tooth; in fact, it made his very corns ache, but two doses relieved him of the tooth—in fact of all his teeth, and presented him with an entirely new set, as sharp as saw-teeth, and very good steel. One fellow suffered from the headache to such an extent that he had to thrash his wife three times a day regularly; one dose removed the head. One drop released two mortgages, and also released a cat that was froze to a hot brickbat. In fact, everybody that has taken any of it has been released from all ills—and life—and has been made internally happy. Put up in large bottles or in two-bushel baskets, and for sale by all respectable rascals.

JOE KING.

N. B.—We have a proprietary interest in this wonderful medicine, but that is no reason why we shouldn't let its virtues be known.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

You turn from your altar-vows

Wedded and one,

With a new path before

And the journey begun,

Yet oh, while hearts swell

With the joy of the hour,

And the greeting of friends

Fall in passionate power—

Amid the kind prayers

That are breathed for your life,

Remember the compact

Of Husband and Wife.

This bond which should only

Be divided in death,

That is spoken and sealed

By the lips of your faith,

Should be that which should guide you

From error and wrong,

In the ways where you go

And the circles you throng,

For the good and the evil

Are ever at strife—

Yea, even sometimes

Between Husband and Wife.

Brooms, shovels and mops,

And such things for use

Should be sacredly kept

And not for abuse;

Don't put on the airs

That engender a breeze,

Knock each other down stairs

In an effort to please;

She must pay you respect

And you pay her bill,

You must wait on her wishes

While she waits for your will,

And the path that you tread,

Though to hunger it drive,

Shall grow bright with the glory

Of Husband and Wife.

one of the branches of the Yellowstone. We had wandered off there by ourselves in hopes of making our fill, taking our risks among the red-skins. The people at the forts said that we never would show our heads there again, but we told them that that was our look-out; that our half was our own property, and if we had a mind to let the red-skins have an extra chance at it, we only took the risks.

"Wal, after a long tramp, Jim and I got to the grounds, and we went to work with a will. Game was plenty, and we had as much as we could do. There wasn't a white man within fifty miles that we knew on; but we knew by the signs that the red-skins were about as thick as bees. But we had been on the grounds more'n three weeks before we got a glimpse of one of them.

"Though we knew that they were all about us, our not running across 'em made us kinder careless, and after a time we got so that we did not keep so bright a look-out for danger as we had ought to. Instead of visiting our traps together as we had done at first, we would separate and go our wards alone, 'cause it would save time and give us more chance for work.

"One day Jim had an ill turn, and wa'n't fit for duty; so I told him to stick by the camp, while I would go the rounds of the traps alone. He was kinder loth to stay, but I made him do so, and then started off, telling him that if he felt like it, along toward night, he might come out and meet me, on the other end of the line, which was in the shape of a circle meeting at the camp.

"I took a good early start, for I knew a hard day's work was before me, whether I found that we had trapped much game or not; and I hardly gave a thought to the red-skins, though, as I went on, I found that there were plenty of signs about, and more than that, they had been robbing my traps.

"I was mad, I can tell you, when I found that they had been up to this game. A red-skin will steal, every chance he can get, and there are some whites that ain't a whit better. As I went on and found that they had visited 'most every trap, I was half a mind to turn back to the camp, and not to follow the line further that day. But the traps needed seeing to, and so I kept on, till after noon, and all I had got was two beavers.

"I had got hungry by this time, so I sat down to make a dinner out of what I had brought along with me. This was soon done, and then as I felt rather tired, I thought that I would rest a little longer. So I stretched myself out upon my back, with my arms under my head, and looked up into the tops of the trees, whose brown branches were swinging above me.

"I had no notion of going to sleep, but somehow before I knew it, my eyes began to grow together, and one moment I would see the branches of the trees, and the next I would see nothing. This went on for a minute or so, and then I had dropped off and didn't know more'n a log of what was going on around me.

"How long I had slept I don't know. It couldn't have been a great while at the most; and what I had got hadn't been of the right kind. It was full of bad dreams. Once I thought I was tumbling over a cliff, and the next minute I was down with a red-skin kneeling on my breast, and his hand twisted in my hair ready to lift my scalp. You can't enjoy sleep much when you are in this state of mind, and I woke half-frightened at what had been running through my head.

"As I opened my eyes, I saw something between me and the branches of the trees that was not there when I closed them.

"It was the ugly face of a red-skin, gleaming down at me with a look that meant mischief.

"He was upon his knees, having crawled noiselessly to my side, and now, with his knife uplifted, he was about to deal me a blow that would take my life.

"My dream was being fulfilled sooner than most of them are.

"So close was he upon me that I saw there was not one chance in a thousand for me to escape with my life. The hand that held the knife was already above my heart, and a single motion on his part would plunge it into my breast.

"I can tell you, boys, that a man will think of a good deal in a moment. I did then, when I saw how little there was between me and death.

"It seemed that every thing I had done in my past life came back to me with the red-skin's knife and face above me.

"Boys, although it was but a moment, it seemed a week of time, and I could not help wondering why it was that the savage did not strike.

"Did he want to torture me, by letting me see how powerless I was in his hands?"

"He saw that I realized the condition I was in, and a look of deadly hatred and triumph lit up his face.

"That look, boys, maddened me; and, although I expected to feel his knife, I determined to make one effort for life. 'I could die, but if I did not succeed, and that I was sure to do as matters then looked.

"A devilish light gleamed in the eye of the savage, and I saw that the blow was coming.

"But, at that very moment, when death seemed so near, and I would have bet every beaver I had in my pack that I should go under, I had a friend near me that was working to save my life, though it might have taken my own the next moment.

"A sharp rattle sounded in my ear, so close that it seemed to come from beneath me, and the next moment a huge snake sprung up with the rapidity of lightning, and fastened its fangs deep in the arm of the red-skin, it was descending to give me the fatal blow.

"The warning uttered by the snake gave me a start, such as the savage had not done, and I rolled out of my place just in time for the knife to be buried in the earth by my side.

"The savage would have aimed at me another blow had not the serpent still kept its hold upon his arm, its fangs most likely having become so fastened in his shirt that it could not withdraw them.

"The savage must have known by the wound upon his arm that he was doomed, and in his rage he struck furiously at the snake, cutting it in twain again and again, though the fangs still held to the spot where they had been thrust.

"My rifle was in my hands in a moment, and the next I had sent a bullet through the brain of the red-skin, and he went down amid the wriggling fragments of the serpent, which seemed to be possessed of as many lives as it had been cut into pieces.

"I can tell you, boys, that I could hardly believe that I was safe. Death from the red-skin and the snake had come so near to

me that it seemed like a dream that I should have escaped. But, it was so. One of my enemies had slain the other, and so saved my life.

"The snake had probably crawled up to me while I had been asleep, and had coiled up by my side to get the warmth from my body, and, alarmed by the coming of the savage, had watched his motions, and thinking that the blow was meant for itself, had given its fatal spring just in time to save my life."

"A narrow escape," said Bill, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Yes," said the trapper. "And there ain't many who can say that their lives were saved by a rattlesnake."

"You are right, Jo," was the comment of all.

Beat Time's Notes.

Don't waste too much sympathy on the deaf man. He's blessed. The border in the next room, with a fiddle, can saw on the "Devil's Dream," with all the original notes left out, but the deaf man being hard of hearing, will only accompany it with a snore.

To him a young lady's "No" is shorn of all its terrors. It never can give him the toothache in the ear.

Shoo Fly never bothers him!

He does not hear the old and time-honored question: "Have you five dollars you are not going to use?"

The dying notes of a melancholy organ, which will never die till we are all dead, fill him not with enthusiasm and profanity; it is all "music unborn" to him.

When he is walking on the railroad no one nearly frightens him to death by yelling that the locomotive is right at his back. Verily he is blessed.

Korb's patent cider-press is the only one that will separate the worms from the apples. It will throw the worms out, and make cider out of the apples; or it will throw out the apples and make cider from the worms, just as it takes a notion. The peculiarity of it is that it runs itself, but a steam-engine is necessary to stop it. It makes one barrel and a half of cider out of each bushel of apples, and will grind any thing from a load of wheat to a dull ax. Patent applied for, but refused.

I LIKE to see a man industrious. Yes, I like to see a man work. It's good for him; and, besides, what's the use of a man going through this world with less human ambition than an unsentimental disrag hanging impotently on the wall?

THERE is a certain class of men that go through life always putting off, putting off every thing but their own laziness.

My idea of the term "Wishy-washy" is a loving wife sighing over a tub, and wishing washing wasn't fashionable. But I may be wrong.

I BELIEVE a man can get more wholesome entertainment out of a pocket-book than any other book. I think it is more popular with the masses than all the entertaining almanacs of medicine. The leaves of it are greenbacks, and I would like the notes to be numerous and elaborate.

I ALWAYS hate a sudden rap at the door. It is so startling; and besides it is not pleasant. The question flashes through your mind, "Who can it be?" and makes one nervous. I always have a dread that it might be the sheriff, or my wife's own mother. Either is very unwelcome on a hot day.

WHEN our first mother was sick why was it sinful? Because it was Eve-ill. The man who got that off was killed, cut up and salted down, deprived of his vote, and sent as consul to the Feejee Islands.

I LOVE to see the rain descend. When I've a good umbrella I love to see a man get kicked. When I am not the fellow I love to see a pretty dress. When I don't have to buy it; I love to see a pint of wine. But when I can't try it.

I HATE to see a man honest only from the force of circumstances. If a man thinks he is too honest for this world I like to see him go into the huckster business; it is a great leveler.

I ALWAYS have my wife do all the household purchasing. If I did it myself and the things didn't suit I'd have nobody to growl at.

THERE are some people in New Jersey so lazy that it takes two men to help one man rest. They are eligible to Congress.

A LITTLE girl being asked what was the highest order of animals, said "Man"; and when asked the highest order of birds, said "Angels."

The night is here, the wind is down, And lights in distant windows glow, There comes to me across the lawn A breath of music soft and low. To find the cause I softly go. With eyes by music made more sharp, And find a little nigger sitting on the fence Performing on an old Jew-harp.

I NEVER could well see why we should condemn young men for sowing wild oats when we have our wives always sowing tares. I say I can't see why.

To get rid of bed-bugs, pour the contents of the coal-oil can over the bed, make the gentle application of a match, and go a-fishing.

It is not all men who are poets, but every one can write *snore*.

"We are both blowed," said the skipper to the sails.

Is it right to think a man with only one ear suffers only the half of a long sermon?

A PROFESSOR closed his farewell lecture to his class with: "Now, as you start forth into the world I hope that each one of you will be better than anybody else."

DOCTOR PILLBOX, feeling unwell the other day, unfortunately took a dose of his own medicine. His administrator is overwhelmed with orders for the same medicine from wives who have sick husbands.

The linen-wedding occurs on the first anniversary of marriage.

In Chicago if a man holds out for a year they send him to Congress, for they consider that he can stand almost any thing.

Few things are pleasanter than a housewife on wash-day; more accommodating than a pump-handle; fuller of sentiment than an old straw hat; more tender than a boil; more peaceable than a drunken man; more enlightening than a switch, or more patient than the man who owes you.

WOULD it be right to say of a pretty good tavern that it is *inn-tolerable*.

CONSIDERING all things, a box at the opera is nothing more than a dry-goods box after all.

BEAT TIME.